Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

What a foolish piece of business that loyal address resolution of Mr. Mulock's was which the Ottawa House unanimously adopted last week! Instead of having a re-assuring effect on the minds of the English Government and people it will inevitably have exactly the contrary result. It will excite suspicion instead of allaying it. Noting these extravagant and fervent protestations of a loyalty that has not been seriously called in question, John Bull will naturally ask: "What's going wrong in Canada?" When he is told that the resolution was intended to show the absence of annexation sentiment in Canada, he will certainly conclude that there must be a great deal more annexation sentiment here than actually exists, and that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, as the French proverb has it. If Canadian loyalty is such a universal and deeply-rooted sentiment there is no need for continually proclaiming it from the housetops—if there is lurking disaffection or a desire to change our relations with the Mother Country all the passionate protestations in the world to the contrary won't alter the facts. What sort of reception would such a resolution as Mr. Mulock's have if introduced into the British Parliament? There are probably fully as large a proportion of the population of Britain, dissatisfied with monarchical institutions and class rule as in Canada. But the notion of mending matters or accomplishing any conceivable good by passing a resolution assuring her Majesty that everything is lovely and the reports of popular discontent are entirely without foundation, would be scouted by the practical good sense of English legislators. There were doubtless many men at Ottawa who keenly realized the absurdity of Mr. Mulock's resolution, but the abject cowardice begotten of subserviency to the caucus and the machine prevented any outspoken dissent. Its value as an expression of the real opinions of members may be judged from the fact that in one case at least a known annexationist who has never been at any pains to conceal his views voted for it, while some of those who spoke for it while expressing their satisfaction for the present with existing conditions more than hinted at Independence as the ultimate solution of the problem.

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It is instructive in this connection to remember that the American colonies up to the very verge of the struggle which resulted in their independence were just as loyal and devoted to British connection as the Canadian people of to-day. If resolutions, protests, speeches, toasts and oaths of allegiance counted for anything the Americans would now be the devoted subjects of her Majesty. There was no thought of anything like setting up an independent government in their minds even when they had actually taken up arms against the soldiers of King George. Why, the first American Congress convened in 1774 adopted a humble petition to the King in which the following passage occurs: "We wish not a diminution of the prerogative nor the grant of any new right. Your royal authority over us and our connection with Great Britain we shall always support and maintain." No doubt the great majority of the American colonists were perfectly sincere at the time in desiring the maintenance of British connection. But events are stronger than men.

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Englishmen take a very practical view of these matters. They take but little stock in wordy professions whether of loyalty or anything else. Most of them find such professions extremely difficult to reconcile with what they regard as a hostile tariff narrowing the market for British-made goods in the colonies. They would appreciate a reduction in the tariff on hardware and textile fabrics a good deal more than all the loyalty resolutions which Parliament could pass from now till prorogation if they did nothing else. Something of the mediæval or chivalrous idea of loyalty lingers among the aristocracy who, being amply provided for without the necessity of labor, can afford to cherish all sorts of outgrown and romantic notions. That is what an aristocracy is for. It is their business to have lofty ideals, and to think fine unworldly thoughts about Britain's prestige and the honor of the flag and that sort of thing and to scout all worldly considerations as beneath contempt and only worthy of shopkeepers and greasy mechanics. Almost any of us, it may be incidentally remarked, would be willing to take the contract on the same terms or even for a trifle less. But the mass of the British people who live in the workaday world of to-day and attend to the practical business of life have precious little sentiment in the region of politics. The spirit of commercialism rules throughout. They look at all such questions as the maintenance of the colonial relation from the purely business standpoint.

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National prestige is valued simply in so far as it tends to the expansion of British trade. Colonies are an advantage or a burden according as they offer a market for English goods, safe investments for English money or an outlet for the superfluous population of the three kingdoms. For many years this intensely practical business-like way of looking at matters apart from all such abstractions as glory and the honor of the flag has been gaining ground in English politics as the influence of the aristocracy has been declining. Considerations which would have appeared of paramount importance to the rulers of England in the days of Elizabeth or George III. weigh little with the commercial class now powerful in the House of Commons, still less with the newly-enfranchised artisans and farm laborers. If the connection between Britain and Canada is to continue permanently the bond of sentiment must be reinforced and strengthened by that of common interest. In other words the hope of perpetuating the Empire as it now exists rests on the carrying into effect in some shape or another of Imperial Federation. It is amazing that English statesmen, who have really at heart the preservation of the greatest Empire the world has seen, to whom British power and prestige are something more than a name, and who look beyond the mere commercial prosperity of the hour, should not have devoted more attention to this all-important subject.

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Mr. Meredith has at last "burned his boats" and by taking advanced ground on the question of separate schools and dual language, broken away from the traditions of Ottawa Conservatism. His utterances upon the school question were sufficiently clear and emphatic to make retreat or compromise henceforth impossible. The stand he has taken will undoubtedly infuse new life into a sickly and moribund Opposition and give them a fighting chance in the next campaign. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether they can make much headway against the solid phalanx on the Government benches, backed by the influences of patronage which have often proved so powerful and supported by a Catholic vote more united than ever. Mr. Meredith's action ought to have been taken years ago. The delay has enabled the Government to deal vigorously with the worst of the abuses complained of in connection with French schools, and to make a good showing in the way of improved conditions. Moreover, it takes a long time to convince the public of the reality of a change of position so thorough as that which the Opposition has just effected—more time than will probably elapse between now and polling day. The practical question as regards the effect of the movement as a piece of political strategy is: Can Mr. Meredith hope to detach from the elements formerly supporting the Government a sufficient number to make good his loss of Catholic supporters and in addition to overcome the Administration majority? It is possible, of course, but judging from experience not at all likely. Enthusiastic Conservatives—by the way, are they Conservatives any longer?—of course look forward to bringing over the Equal Righters as a body into the Opposition camp, but experienced politicians of either party who do not allow their feelings to run away with their judgment will hardly be led away by any such delusion. Equal Rights did not do much for Ald. McMillan in the recent contest for the mayoralty. As an active political factor it is practically extinct and the next election will resolve it into its original elements.

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No doubt there is a large and intelligent element of the Liberal party which is dissatisfied with some things in Mr. Mowat's administration. There is a strong feeling against his concessions to the hierarchy especially, and when carried away by the wave of Anti-Jesuit excitement many of his supporters may have said that they were ready to vote against him if he did not change his course. But saying a thing of this sort in an off year is very different from carrying it into practice in the heat of an election campaign when old associations and life-long prejudices are appealed to, on general principles than anything else, as the Provincial Opposition are evidently determined to force the fighting on the issue of Equal Rights and no sectarian domination, and whoever may get the regular party nomination will of course have to stand on Meredith's platform. It looks as though the split over the Dominion issues was likely to present an obstacle to cordial co-operation between the followers of D'Alton McCarthy and the machine Conservatives in local matters. If the Equal Righters insist on going into the fight as a separate organization the result will probably be similar to the experiences of the youth of whom tradition relates that he one day attempted to have fun with a mule. Now a mule differs from Falstaff in the fact that although it is the frequent cause of wit in others it has no personal sense of humor. This mule at all events was disposed to take things seriously, and the result of the small boy's playful attempts to twist his tail and tie a string around his leg was that the enterprising youngster was carried home senseless with an ugly looking gash in his forehead. "Oh, papa," said the sufferer as soon as he was able to speak, "do you think I shall ever be pretty again?" "No, my son," said the parent sadly. "I fear you will never be pretty any more—but you'll have a blamed sight more sense." It's very pretty to strike an attitude on a platform, wave partyism and patronage and sordid considerations magnificently aside, and appeal to the better instincts of an intelligent electorate and the principles of truth and righteousness—very pretty indeed, but just wait till the machine gets its work in!

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The verdict of the jury in the Taylor-Johnston scandal case has been generally endorsed by public opinion as a righteous judgment and the reversal of a particularly cowardly and contemptible attempt to protect a social wrongdoer by inflicting additional injury and suffering upon the victim and her family. A special interest has been excited in this case by the persistent denial of the defendant Johnston of his guilt even after the exposure of the attempt to settle the affair by a money payment to the father of the wronged girl. There are instances, no doubt, in which innocent men have paid hush-money to silence accusers who have charged them with disgraceful offences, but such cases are not common and the victims are usually weak-minded simpletons or young men unused to the ways of the world. That a man in Johnston's position and circumstances should have been a party to a money settlement of the case was wholly incompatible with the plea of innocence. Johnston would have stood in a much better position before the public had he acknowledged his offence at once and striven to make such reparation as lay in his power instead of heaping wrong upon wrong on the family already cruelly injured by his misconduct and seeking to brand them as perjurers and blackmailers.

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The peculiar circumstances of this *cause celebre* were such as to excite a legitimate popular interest in the main developments of the trial and to call for the publication in the daily press of all such evidence as had an important bearing upon the verdict. It is to be regretted however that some of our contemporaries, especially the evening papers, went a good deal further than this and pandered to the base appetite of scandal-mongers for literary garbage by printing column after column of disgusting and frequently irrelevant details. The competition among the Toronto dailies is so intense that some of them are ready to resort to any means, however nefarious, which will give them a trifling advantage in the struggle for existence. It is little creditable to the moral sense and boasted intelligence of the people of this city, that the "enterprise" which stoops so low as to rake the slums and gutters for items of a salacious character should find encouragement, but the fact cannot be overlooked that our evening papers not infrequently compensate for their lack of genuine enterprise and the absence of really important and valuable news in their columns by catering to the depraved tastes of the class who gloat over such revelations as those of the Taylor-Johnston scandal. It is difficult to devise any remedy for the evil. So long as the public, or a sufficiently large proportion of them to make it profitable, demand this sort of reading there will always be publishers unscrupulous enough to provide it. Only a reform in the public taste and morality can work any important change for the better.

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The question of how to reform some of the worst defects of the modern daily newspaper such as its tendency to sensationalism, its reckless partisanship and its unreliability when there is anything to be gained by suppressing the truth or giving currency to a falsehood, has been for some time before the American people for discussion. One of the suggestions for improving the tone of the newspaper press which has received widespread attention is that men of wealth should endow newspapers of a high-class as they now endow churches, colleges and hospitals, thereby rendering them independent of party or counting room influences. Postmaster General Wanamaker of the United States is quoted as advising rich man as follows: "Use your money to establish great newspapers that shall not be afraid to speak the truth." As there are a great many millionaires on the other side just now who seem to have more money than they know what to do with and are hunting around for schemes of a public character which will enable them to spend some of it in a creditable way, it is quite likely that some of them will decide to try the experiment. The remedy would probably be rather worse than the disease. The greatest of the abuses which have sprung up in connection with modern journalism are due to the influence of capital. Most of the flagrant untruthfulness which excites the concern of moral reformers has been done in writing up the big interests controlled by the very class who are now appealed to to spend the wealth they have made by the aid of lying newspapers in starting truthful ones.

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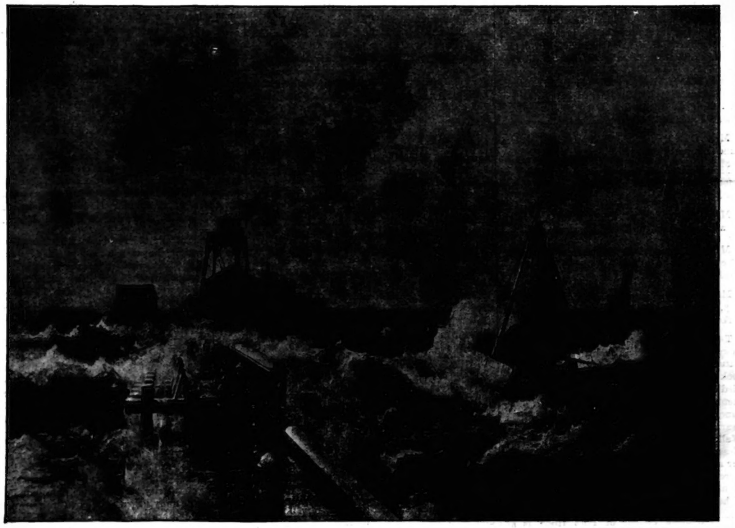
Why, it would be the blackest ingratitude on record for the Wanamakers, Carnegies, Vanderbilts and other many-millioned magnates whose financial and legislative schemes have been put through by the aid of newspaper lying, cultivated until it has become a fine art, to round on their old friends in this fashion. What stupid fellows these magazine moralizers must be to imagine for a moment that a newspaper endowed by a millionaire could possibly be an independently truthful journal. Rich men are usually partisans and they always have important interests which are liable to be affected in one way or other by public movements or political action. How could the "endowed" editor dare to speak the truth in reference to the railroad scheme or the stock-jobbing operation, the land-grab or the tariff amendment in which his patron was financially concerned? A thoroughly honest and conscientious man could not hold his position for a week and speak out manfully on the various questions involving the prerogatives of the wealthy as against popular rights unless his patron were a very different kind of man from the ordinary type of millionaires. It is hardly likely that Carnegie or Wanamaker or any other man whose life has mainly been devoted to money-getting would be able to rise so superior to considerations of self-interest or class bias as to allow a newspaper sustained by their money to tell the truth when it injured their enterprises or hurt their friends. No, no, from whatever direction a reform in journalistic methods may come that of the beneficent millionaire resolved to sacrifice his means to the end that the people may have the truth told him is the very last and most improbable quarter in which to seek it. We have had one or two "endowed" or partially endowed periodicals here in Toronto but they never acquired any particular reputation for courageous truth-speaking—though the writing was sometimes brilliant. It seems to be taken for granted in the discussion of this proposal that the public are just pining for a paper which will dare to tell the truth. This is to say the least doubtful. Probably the greater majority of readers are much better satisfied with cleverly told or even clumsy and palpable lies than they would be with the truth. In fact there are very few people who can complacently listen to facts and the logical deductions therefrom when they run counter to their prejudices and traditional ideas—still less when their pecuniary interests are affected. Even if it were possible to secure the generous and wholly unselfish donor and the ideal truth-telling editor, the people would probably by a large majority prefer the old familiar lies and party battle-cries and politico-economical formulas and appeals to passion and prejudice. Why a paper that was not afraid to speak the truth, provided that by any possibility it could get itself started, would be altogether too good to live.

London *Truth* says: "As for the publication of social gossip, this can do no harm provided that it be not either offensive or injurious to those with whom it deals. Personally I do not care about what A wears, whom B entertains, and where C is spending his time. But if others do, by all means let them have the information. This is not new journalism, but old journalism. Here is an extract from a book of Mr. Rush, Minister of the United States in England in 1818, entitled Residence at the Court of London:

"'Everything goes into the newspapers. In other countries, matter of a public nature may be seen in them; here, in addition, you see perpetually even the concerns of individuals. Does a private gentleman come to town? you hear it in the newspapers; does he build a house, or buy an estate? they give the information; does he entertain his friends? you have all their names next day in type; is the drapery of a lady's drawing room changed from red damask and gold to white satin and silver? the fact is publicly announced. So of a thousand other things. The first burst of it all upon Madame de Stael led her to remark that the English had realized the fable of living with a window on their bosoms. It may be thought that this is confined to a class, who, surrounded by the allurements of wealth, seek emblazonment. If it were only so, that class is immense. But its influence affects other classes, giving each in their way the habit of allowing their personal inclinations and objects to be dealt with in print; so that altogether these are thrown upon the public in England to an extent without parallel in any country, ancient or modern. When the drama at Athens took cognizance of public life, what was said became known first to a few listeners, then to a small town; but in three days a London newspaper reaches every part of the kingdom, and in three months every part of the globe.'"



THE STORM.

Social and Personal.

Owing in a large measure to the prevailing epidemic and to the lamentable fatalities in which it has resulted in some cases, and owing also to considerable absenteeism, the last two weeks have been marked by a deadness of things social, such as I never remember, in what should be the height of the season, during a long experience of Toronto society. There is no doubt that the weather, also, has something to do with the lethargy that seems to have fallen upon the usually gay portion of the town. Everybody seems to think that a spell of hard frost and plenty of snow would not only drive away what remains of the unwelcome Russian visitor, but would also cause a great revival of gaiety in its many forms. During the last two winters, the weekly drives of the Toronto Sleighing Club have been, perhaps, the main features in the season's amusements and the want of any such delightful meetings is keenly felt. Weary of sending out fifty postcards each week to summon the members to a drive, weather permitting, on the following Saturday, the honorary secretary of the club has sent a final card announcing that there will be a meet at the Guns in the Queen's Park at four p.m., on the first Saturday when there is sleighing. It has been often said that February, at all events, would be bound to bring snow, but, so late as the sixth of the month, there is no sign of a change in the desired direction. Thousands of fox-hunters in England are bewailing the iron-bound earth, while here, where all outdoor amusements in winter depend on frost and snow, chestnut trees are actually budding and lilacs are threatening to bloom.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave one of those diminutive dances, which she so well understands, and by which she never fails to delight the chosen few. The proper management of such entertainments is not easy, by any means. Many a hostess has essayed such hospitality and failed, sometimes from want of experience and sometimes again from want of tact. The chief difficulty lies of course in the selection of those to be invited, a difficulty which always vanishes before the wisdom of a hostess who is well versed and trained in such matters and who can sort the names on her visiting list as easily as a pack of cards. It is also well to remember that, while such a gathering must be kept quite small, it is easy to overdo this quality, and so to find one's rooms possessed of that sense of emptiness which never fails to throw a blight over any party. Another point to be borne in mind, is that the periods between the different dances should be longer than at a larger affair, and most important of all, no numbers should be displayed, much less should anything in the way of programmes be attempted. These "tips," and many others more subtle and less generally evident, are well-known to Mrs. Albert Nordheimer. This was proved last Tuesday, as it has often been proved before and was unanimously acclaimed by some half-hundred guests.

Among the guests were Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Otter, Miss Hodgins, Miss Small, Miss Vankoughnet, Miss Sibyl Seymour, Mr. Evans, Col. Otter, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. Guy Ross, Mr. Pauw and Mrs. Goldingham.

The gowns were universally pretty and dainty. Mrs. Nordheimer wore black Russian net with more trimmings; Mrs. Bankes, black and yellow crepe de chine; Miss Seymour, white tulle, trimmed with wild roses; Miss Vankoughnet, cream fish net; Miss Hodgins, white lace and green silk; Miss Sibyl Seymour, pale blue gauze and brocade; Miss Sewell, cream crepe de chine; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, cream gauze with cream ribbons; Mrs. Sweny, cream brocade and lace.

By the death of Mr. John O. Heward, which occurred on Tuesday at his residence on Bloor street, the town has lost a type of a class which is unhappily rare in Canada. Mr. Heward was a sportsman and a gentleman of the good old English school, who many years ago brought the best qualities of his race to Toronto. A special meeting of the committee of the Toronto Cricket Club has fittingly recorded in resolutions what the game of cricket in Ontario owes to Mr. Heward by his fifty years of active membership and support. There will be no future cricket dinner, but the gap will be felt caused by the loss of Mr. Heward's genial face and eloquent praises of the game he loved. Not only at cricket, but at many other sports, Mr. Heward excelled; he was a good bowler and curler, a remarkable shot, while his success as a fisherman was unsurpassed in Toronto. It seems but the other day that the writer admired a goodly basket of trout of Mr. Heward's catching. The halting pen cannot do justice to the many lovable and admirable qualities of the deceased.

Mrs. William Meredith of London, Ont., was in town this week.

Mr. Robert Ingersoll of St. John, N. B., is staying with friends in town.

Mr. P. Bouchard of Beaume, France, was in town this week.

Colonel Tisdale of Simcoe came to town on Monday, as did numerous other M. P.'s, whose arrival has been sufficiently chronicled.

Progressive euchre parties have been quite numerous during the past week. They were without exception thoroughly enjoyed, and pretty-faced women and strong-featured men looked at the red and black as if the fates of the cards were their own lasting ones. Among those who gave card parties this week were Mrs. Chadwick and Mrs. Temple of St. George street, Mrs. Harris of Beverley and Mrs. Ellis of St. Patrick.

The names of a few of the guests at Mrs. Ellis' were: Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss Bright, Miss Maude McLean, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Dumble of Cobourg, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Fisken, Mrs. R. Ruttan, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Miss Jones, Mrs. Moorhouse, the Misses McMicking, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Miss Cochrane of Rochester and Mr. H. Armstrong. Mrs. Ellis is an admirable hostess, and her guests left the pleasantly-arranged card party with much praise of her charming hospitality.

Mrs. Wyld's dance, which took place on Friday evening of last week, was a well-attended social feature. Mrs. Wyld's handsome home on St. George street is, by reason of its "interesting corners" and large well-fitted dancing-room, a fit scene for the gay revelling of glancing feet and swaying forms.

As is usual, the gowns, sometimes gay, sometimes severely simple, and often fantastic, lent themselves to perfect the surroundings. Mrs. Wyld wore an elegant dress of dark purple. The material was brocaded velvet, and the stately goods and rich color made a most handsome gown. Miss Hoskins wore black fish net over black silk; Miss Attrill, cream tulle combined with golden brown silk and cream roses; Miss Arthurs, pale pink net and satin, trimmed with pink ostrich feathers; Mrs. Thurston, white satin, draped with white silk gauze and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Stewart Strathy, white satin, *en train*, and pink roses; Miss Scott, gray satin with cut steel ornamentation; Mrs. A. Langmuir, white satin and silver brocade, *en train*; Mrs. Johnson, black lace over pale pink silk; Mrs. James Crowther, gray faille, draped with gray lisse and embroidered in pink; Mrs. Brouse, pale blue silk and lace, trimmed with forget-me-nots; Mrs. Harry Greene, white silk, *en train*; Mrs. J. Fraser, pearl satin brocaded with flame colored flowers and gold embroidery; Miss Denison, pink pearl-spangled net over pink satin; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, blue silk gauze and pearl ornaments; Miss Maude Vickers, pink silk and crepe de chine, trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Arthur Meredith, white silk, *en train*, with feather trimming.

The afternoon tea at Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's on Saturday afternoon last was a very delightful success. As was mentioned last week the majority of the guests were the members of the Riding and Driving Club, which has this season been deploring the lack of snow that in other years rendered their meets so pleasant. The afternoon tea gathered them together, and in the charming house of a charming hostess they forgot the snow grievance and in fact thoroughly enjoyed its absence. Mrs. Nordheimer wore a handsome gown of vieux rose foulard with garniture of guipure lace, and Miss Seymour, her guest, a dainty gown of cream India silk with trimmings of cream velvet. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Cronyn, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mrs. O'Reilly, Col. and Miss Otter, Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Miss McInnis of Hamilton, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Kaule Jones and Miss Grace Boulton.

Mrs. O'Reilly of Sumach street gives a luncheon party to-day.

Mrs. Burns of College street welcomed a few friends to a delightful afternoon tea on Monday last.

Mrs. Alexander of Peter street gave a pleasant At Home on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Creelman of St. Vincent street gave afternoon tea to a number of her friends on Friday.

Mrs. McConnell gives an At Home on Tuesday, February 11, at her residence, Dundas street.

The managers and staff of the Bank of Commerce gave a banquet in their new building on Saturday evening last. The house-warming took the form of a dinner. Several ladies occupied the gallery and were served with refreshments there, while they had full view of the banqueting company and obtained an excellent hearing of the speeches and toasts. Mr. Walker, the general manager, was host, while Messrs. Plummer and Kemp, assistant manager and manager, were also present. Toasts were made by Messrs. Walker, Kemp and Montgomery, and music was afterwards furnished by the Bank of Commerce Glee Club.

Miss Georgie Cooper of Port Hope is at present staying with her friend Miss McVity at 502 Spadina avenue.

The managers of the Infants' Home desire to acknowledge with grateful thanks the sum of $155 from the committee of the assembly lately held in the Academy of Music.

Prof. Bendelari of Harvard University, Cambridge, has been in town for a few days, the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Bendelari of Wellesley place.

The annual conversazione given by the president, council and members of the Trinity College Literary Institute was held on Thursday evening and was a grand success. The halls, ordinarily so bare looking, were tastefully decorated for the occasion, and here and there seats had been placed for those who preferred quietness to dancing in a very much crowded room. Try as the committee may it seems impossible to cut down the list of invitations, so great is the popularity of this yearly event. The arrangements were excellent, and the musical part of the evening's programme was extremely enjoyable. Some of the late arrivals were unfortunate enough to be unable to secure seats, and I am sorry to say some of these were ladies, while young men—let us hope not students—sat close at hand apparently utterly indifferent to the fact. Toronto society was there in its broadest sense, and all seemed to enjoy themselves from the learned professors to the young girl having her first season's gaiety, and everyone expressed themselves as being highly pleased at the hospitable manner in which they were entertained by the students of this very popular university.

The programme preceding the dance was entirely musical. It was opened by an overture by the orchestra. Solos were given by Mrs. Murray Dickson, Mrs. Shelton and Mr. H. Blight. The College Glee Club sang a part song very acceptably.

The following is the guest list: Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mr. J. R. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ambery, Mr. Donald Armour, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. V. Armstrong, Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. Adam Mercer and the Misses Mercer, Prof. and Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and the Misses Beatty, Mr. James Beatty, Dr. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Brouch and the Misses Brough, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bethune and the Misses Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barwick and Miss Barwick, Judge and Mrs. Burton, the Misses Burton, Mrs. Bain, Ven. Arch. Boddy, Mrs. and Miss Boddy, Rev. J. and Mrs. Ballard, Mr. J. Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mr. C. Boulton, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Burns, Mr. B. Brent, Mr. James Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. J. Turner Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. Burritt, Mr. E. W. and Miss Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. D. Burnham, Miss Burnham, Mr. H. and the Misses Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Judge and the Misses Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Botsford, Chancellor Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Boultbee, Dr. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Brown, Dr. Bingham, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Bright, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Beardmore, Mr. A. C. J. Boulton, Mrs. and Miss Bicher, Miss Macklem, Rev. J. Jones and the Misses Cayley, Mr. J., Mrs. and Miss Catto, Mr. Charles Catto, Mr. R. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Clarke, the Messrs. and Misses Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Catranach, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Chadwick, Messrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. E. M. Campbell, Mr. John Carson, Dr. T. S. and Mrs. Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. and the Misses Cox, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Church, Mr. K. H. Cameron, Mrs. and the Misses Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cummings, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. C. J. and Miss Campbell, Mr. G. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Close, Mr. W. B. Close, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Rev. R. and Mrs. Caswall, Rev. Canon, Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, Mr. Philip DuMoulin, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. John Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Davison, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Rev. T. and Mrs. Desbarres, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Prof. Date, Mrs. J. Duggan, Mr. H. Duggan, Mrs. R. G. and the Misses Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mr. Frank Darling, Rev. C. and Mrs. Darling, Col., Mrs. and Miss Davison, Mr. and Mrs. Delamere, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. H. Ellis, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fisher, Hon. C. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. J. Fraser, Mr. J. S. Farncomb, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ford, Major and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Seaton Gordon, Miss Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Capt. 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Young, Mrs. and Miss Vickers, Prof. and Mrs. VanderSmissen, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Usborne, Mrs. Vankoughnet.

The death on Tuesday night of Hon. John Macdonald has taken from Toronto one of its best known and most prominent citizens. His death was the culmination of a long illness. John Macdonald was a native of Perth, Scotland, where he was born in 1824. His father's regiment, the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, was transferred to Canada in 1838. His early education, which had been obtained in the regimental school, was continued after his arrival in Canada at Dalhousie college, Halifax, and afterwards at Bay street academy, Toronto, where he completed his school education. He immediately entered on a mercantile career, and after working with other firms for a number of years, finally set up in business for himself on Yonge street. This developed into the present extensive establishment on Wellington street. He was first elected Member of Parliament for West Toronto in 1863. This seat he held until Confederation. In 1875 he was elected for Center Toronto, but was defeated in 1878, at which election he opposed the National Policy movement. In 1887 he was appointed a senator. Mr. Macdonald took an active interest in questions affecting Canadian commerce and was the author of a number of original and powerful pamphlets on this subject. He was an active supporter of public education and a prominent and acting member of the Methodist Church. He contributed a great deal to magazines and newspapers on commercial subjects and records of his travels. The magnificent donation of $40,000 to the new Toronto University General Hospital was the crowning act of many similar philanthropic acts. Senator Macdonald was twice married, first to Eliza, daughter of Alexander Hamilton, next to Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Alcorn.

Another of our old residents who knew Toronto when she was a village, and who watched her grow up through the years to her present proud eminence, has this week been cut off at the ripe old age of eighty-six. This was Mrs. John O. Howard, the ranger of High Park. Mr. Howard was born in England, a short distance north of London, 1805. After an unsuccessful attempt to become a sailor, he entered an architect and surveyor's office in London, where he learned the business. He came to Canada with his wife in 1832. He was engaged as teacher of architecture at Upper Canada College, and erected a number of the first prominent buildings in this city. The number of public works involving surveying and architecture with which Mr. Howard was connected in this and other Canadian cities are much too numerous to mention here. By his death High Park may be said to become the property of the city. For this action alone he deserves the undying gratitude of Toronto, and it will be long ere the multitudes who escape from the confinements of brick and mortar to breath the fresh breezes of Ontario on the heights of High Park cease to pay their tribute of gratitude to the unostentatiously generous subject of this sketch.

At a meeting of the principal and masters of Upper Canada College, held February 5, 1890, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Wedd and seconded by Mr. Martland, was unanimously adopted:

The principal and masters of Upper Canada College desire to pay a prompt tribute to the memory of the late Mr. John G. Howard, formerly a master in the Institution. Early in the spring of 1833, shortly after his arrival in this city, Mr. Howard was appointed by His Excellency Sir John Colborne, the founder of the college, to be geometrical drawing master and instructor in perspective planning and surveying. For very many years afterwards the distinguished architect was also a most successful teacher of the above subjects; and his genial and kindly disposition, his painstaking and conscientious discharge of his duties in the college, gained for him the affectionate respect of every one of the long roll of pupils who had the privilege of attending his classes. The munificent donor of High Park to the city of his adoption proved likewise most generous to an institution which he also dearly loved, which he had so faithfully served during so many long years, and whose successive principals and masters ever held him in the highest estimation. His gifts to the college consisted of several valuable volumes, a fine oil painting of himself and lately of all his mathematical and surveying instruments. Under these circumstances the principal and masters have felt it incumbent on them to take their part in the universal expression of regret which his recent demise has called forth.

On Wednesday morning, at St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, took place the marriage of Mr. John A. Harkins, of the business department of SATURDAY NIGHT, and Miss Lizzie Murphy of Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Craven. Mr. and Mrs. Harkins left for a short tour across the border.

The O. K. Combination held their second At Home in Victoria Hall last evening.

I see that Dr. Wild is about to set out on a trip to the Holy Land and that during his absence his pulpit will be occupied by some notable American preachers, among others Dr. Lyman Abbott and Prof. Swing of Chicago. It is not distinctly known yet whether the learned Doctor will emulate the illustrious Talmage and preach a sermon on Mars Hill or

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Boudoir Gossip.

There was quite a fashionable audience at the Vocal Society's concert on Thursday of last week. It is so nice to be a woman and for that reason to be able to make remarks about things one sees. Men look around as much—even more; but the dear creatures somehow consider it fathoms below their dignity to acknowledge remembering how any particular girl was dressed at any particular time. What a pretty picture the members made, to be sure! The light gowns, the carefully dressed hair, the bewitching expressions of mingled eagerness and perplexity charmed one's eyes at the first glimpse, and invited a second and indeed many more.

At least two people in the audience agreed that a pretty dark haired girl dressed in black and white had the most pleasing face. She looked very dignified, and, with a regretful, half envious sigh, I must admit that I do admire a dignified woman. There was a pretty little creature in pink, with a square cut gown and yards and yards of filmy lace. Then, of course, every one admired the crimson velvet redingote over a skirt of crimson bordered gauze in a pretty cream shade, and many evinced a thorough admiration for the canary gown with the becoming Medici collar and graceful throat garniture.

As is usual on all such occasions, there were those present who did not recognize the fitness of things. The result is that a brown and white mottled wing and a startling array of ribbon loops come before my closed eyes upon invitation even now. I mean that there were a few large much bedecked hats in an audience which, for the most part, was gracious enough to discard head-covering. Though I must say that if people will wear algrettes six inches high as hair ornaments, they might as well for the comfort of those behind don the regulation vision-obstructor.

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"Canadians do not walk enough," said Mrs. Kendal. The remark was made in the assertive way which is characteristic of the brilliant actress. It was accompanied, moreover, with a mischievous inflection and a comical little glance towards me. Mrs. Kendal evidently wondered how I would receive this sweeping criticism of my country-women. I quite agree with her. Canadians, as a rule, do too little walking. But then all do not belong to the inactive, tired-after-I've-gone-a-block sisterhood. Some Canadians are good walkers. Not long since a young girl who believes in exercise walked eleven miles, the distance from one town to another. At the end of three hours she entered her friend's house with a triumphant announcement of her arrival, and an accompanying clink of the icicles which had attached themselves to her gown.

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Last week I believe I aired a cherished sentiment—a regard for everlasting youth. In plain words I do not care for birthdays. A *grippe* convalescent, who had "nothing else to read, I assure you," wandered into Boudoir Gossip, and my innocent and heartfelt words provoked this remark from him, "should think she'd got used to getting old now." It isn't very funny, but every one is expected to laugh.

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Fashion has, perhaps, never before sanctioned the wearing of such very fancy shoes as find popular favor at present. Greek sandals in Russia leather, or suede, are laced across the instep with fancy cord. Open work in lace patterns of black kid is set upon white or colored foundations, and obtain for dressy wear with black lace gowns. Tan shoes are embroidered in self-colored silk. To wear with a white satin dress decorated with bullion, the white kid slippers are embellished with embroidery to imitate the gold passementerie. All low shoes and slippers are lined and bound with silk of the same shade, while the toe adornments vary from the neatest triangle of jetted embroidery to hideous buckles the size of one's hand.

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Book covers are fashionable. Book covers are dainty. And so the fancy-work girl busies herself with covering the covers of her favorite books. Magazines are hidden away in chamois or velvet cases profusely embroidered in crewels. Poetry, tradition and romance rest in rich brocades. The classics are clothed in levantine leather, with clasps and corners of bronze. Philosophy and science repose beneath gray stuffs plainly lettered in black, and travels are gowned in crimson and gold. In all this bewildering array of beautiful volumes, a person accustomed to his own particular books bound in well-known style, would scarcely find the one desired, except at the end of the row or the bottom of the pile.

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Just now when every one selects a perfume, and lives up to the selection, the dainty belongings all emit the same odor. "It is," says a fashion writer, "bad taste to mix the perfume of the violet with the odor of the rose." "Do not forget," said another dispenser of fashions, "to have a sachet of your favorite powder in your fan box." Then when you wave your fan, as you may do now, that corsage bouquets are little worn, your especial corner will be filled with subtle, dainty and pleasing fragrance.

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Fanny Davenport has an idea of the colors a blonde should wear, and gowns herself accordingly. It is her opinion that fair women should wear warm red shades. "Red," she asserts, "makes the complexion more delicate, deepens the color of the eyes, and brings out every glint of gold in one's hair."

Brunettes, by reason of their depth of coloring may, she thinks, wear the delicate shades, but the pale, fair sisterhood must affect richness and warmth of tone.

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Apropos of the rainy weather, it may be interesting to learn that some ingenious woman has invented a mode of carrying an umbrella with safety. A chain is worn about the waist, and hanging from it a la chatelaine, is a small nickel sheath which encloses the handle. You thus carry an umbrella in perfect safety and comparative comfort. For my part, I shall not use the new device. It must be very suggestive of clanking swords. Moreover, if women continue to suspend their belongings about their waists, one will be able to estimate their personal belongings at a glance. CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

In spite of the monotonous drizzle and the uncomfortable damp chill which haunted the atmosphere, a goodly number gathered in Knox Church on a recent Sunday evening.

The interior is not attractive. It is too stiff, too dark, too plain. It made me think of Puritans with broad brimmed hats and sad colored cloaks.

The ushers move around noiselessly, with gravely set faces and much true dignity of manner. The utmost decorum prevails, and the solemn hush which makes itself felt before the beginning of the service, prepares one's mind for the contemplation of sacred things. A smile or a lightly-spoken sentence in Knox Church would seem to me as incongruous as a jest at a funeral.

Knox Church has no choir. It seems to me a pity. For, much as I dislike a simpering row of girls with graceless voices—and we sometimes see and hear them—I yet believe that a well chosen choir, under an efficient leader, is an inestimable benefit to a church. It lends a charm to the service by its anthem and assists very materially in keeping the congregational singing in fair time. I like simplicity, but I love music. Less sermon and more good music—both choir and congregational, and I think the soul is lifted to a higher plane and receives more actual benefit. One is certainly more strongly equipped for worldly duties if in the mind there be a lingering strain or a broken line of powerful deep-reaching music.

The pulpit is a marvelously constructed box, which holds the minister far above the heads of the people. It is not well-designed, and its disproportionate height strikes one as odd, rather too suggestive and a little ridiculous.

The genial Doctor Parsons did seem to bridge the space and reached down to his people's hearts, but a stiff-necked Presbyterian might have doubled the distance, and talked down to the people with little or no effect.

There is contagious happiness in the Rev. Doctor's face that gladdens one; and an assuring tenderness in his voice that sends home his precepts with a gentle but sure aim.

A restless movement of his head, an uneasy fingering of his glasses, and an oft-repeated emphatic arm gesture are his chief tricks of movement. His enunciation is a little indistinct, his accent not altogether pleasing, and yet the great soul of the man drew eager attention to his earnest talk on the "little leaven which leavened the whole lump."

The leaven of to-day is hatred, hypocrisy and unbelief, and it does much harm, growing, as it does, from a small, unnoticed thought to a weighty fault.

The earnest appeal for whole-heartedness, the advice regarding the casting aside of contaminating influences were made and given in turn. Those in the center seats, who partook of the sacrament, must have made searching examinations of the dark corners and partitioned places of their hearts, ere they could, after the plain pulpit-talk, lift the wine filled cup to their lips. EYELKA.

Trinity Talk.

Rev. H. O. Tremayne of Mimico was a visitor at college last week. Mr. Tremayne has just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever and his many friends are glad to see him about again.

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Rev. Prof. Boys who has been ill for some little time was moved to the hospital in the early part of the week. During the last few days there has been a slight improvement in his condition. Prof. Dulop and Mr. Broughall are dividing the lectures which Mr. Boys took when at college.

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The popularity of Prof. Clark as a lecturer was completely attested by the large audience present on Saturday last when he lectured on William the Silent, Prince of Orange. Trinity's large Convocation Hall was full to the doors, the majority of those present being ladies. Prof. Clark pointed out in a thorough and masterly manner the many good points of William's character, how directly it opposed that of Philip of Spain and how nearly it approached that of the great American, George Washington. At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was moved by Mr. S. G. Wood. This afternoon at 4.30, Prof. Capon of Queen's will lecture on Robert Browning. CAECUS.

Magazines.

Mrs. Deland's serial, Sidney, is a great attraction in the February *Atlantic*. Dr. Holmes contributes the third of his papers, Over The Teacups, and describes the people at his breakfast table, and tells the curious dream which Number Five relates to her companions. The Behring Sea Question is discussed by Charles R. Elliott; and Mr. K. Kaneko, the head of the Japanese commission which has been visiting various countries to compare their legislative assemblies, in order to establish a Japanese parliament, has a paper on An Outline of the Japanese Constitution. The article which will arouse the most discussion is by General Francis Walker, about Mr. Bellamy and the new Nationalist Party. Mr. John T. Morse's review of Davis' Recollections of Mississippi, under the apt title of One of the Unreconstructed, is sure to excite a laugh. Between Two Worlds is an unsigned article on the Moselle and its associations, but an acute guess would pick upon Harriet Waters Preston as its author. A review of Mr. Lowell on Izaak Walton, a notice of Browning, and poems by Mr. Woodberry and others, close the magazine as befits the high standard which it sets itself.

How They Feel.

One of the brides of last week in New York achieved eccentricity by having her *trousseau* containing a supply of divided skirts—those amalgamations of ordinary skirts and obsolete pantalettes that were first introduced by the "skirt dancers" of the London burlesque companies. Won't that bridegroom be puzzled, though, to tell whether his wife is in or out of the prevailing style as to skirts? The drapery shops now keep divided skirts on sale. We are rather skittish as yet about getting near the bifurcated things, and it is comical to see the shy shopper pass and repass them, with averted yet convert eyes, having an irresistible desire to examine the two-legged skirts closely. The strange articles are very elaborately constructed, with the finest of muslin in their trousers-like formation, and then embellished profusely with lace and embroidery.

"How do you feel?" I asked of a girl who had brought home and put on a set of the divided skirts.

"Just as if I was wading in an easy, foamy July surf at Long Branch," was the reply.

"Well, that de-cribes the sensation caused to one's knees by the clinging yet yielding, softly lapping, and gently undulous masses of dainty flimsy. I am going to waltz in a divided skirt to-night for the first time, and if I don't imagine that I'm an angel wallowing in a cloud, then I shall be disappointed.'

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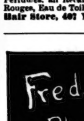

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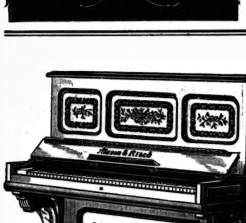

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IN FADED INK

LEAVES FROM TWO OLD DIARIES.

HIS STORY.

GRANTHAM MANOR, June 20, 18—.

To-morrow I still speak to her. It should have been to-night; but fate—a two fold fate in the persons of Aunt Harriet and Cecil Gresley—was against me. Dinner was delayed, old Sir George's hunting stories appeared, told between slow appreciative sips of '34 port, while I sat trying to fix my attention upon them, and longing all the while to know what those two could find to talk about so earnestly, pacing round and round the lawn, her white dress brushing over the dewy grass, and Gresley's cigar glowing like a red moving star in the dusky summer twilight! Just as Sir George arrived at the end of that wonderful account of how Whitepatch landed him in a Lincolnshire bog, and I, dreading the commencement of another such reminiscence, pushed back my chair and stepped out through the open French window on to the terrace that stretches along the whole front of Grantham Manor, Aunt Harriet's voice, distinct and shrill, called out twice from the brightly-lighted drawing room casement:

"Freda, Freda, my dear child, don't stay out in the damp! Captain Gresley, please bring her in! There is such a heavy dew, and coffee has been waiting for some time!"

After this, there was nothing left for me but to pace slowly backwards and forwards alone on the terrace in the gray twilight smoking a cigar, the odor of which seemed to blend not inharmoniously with the scent of early roses.

Now and then snatches of song and light laughter reached me from the open drawing-room windows. Lingering a moment, I caught a glimpse of Freda—a slim girlish figure—reclining in a fantastic bamboo-chair, her head with its coils of soft chestnut hair leaning negligently against the silk drapery that adorned the chair-top, a tea-cup in her hand, a bowl of many-colored roses on a little spindle-legged table at her side.

Gresley stood near. He had purloined a red rose as large as a peony from the centre of the bowl, and was fastening it with perfect gravity into his button-hole. I could not help wondering if many men felt as I did on the eve of asking a woman to share life with them.

So much depends on age and temperament, while not a little has to do with early associations and surroundings. For instance, a man like Gresley, with half a dozen sisters, married and single, of various ages, must have a knowledge of women, an insight into and experience of their ways that are utterly denied to a solitary individual like myself, whose only home is his club, who spends the best part of his time at the foreign office and in the incessant railway traveling, diplomatic interviewing, and rushing backwards and forwards with despatches from England home to foreign capital and then to another that constitutes the daily life and duties of a Queen's messenger.

If Freda comes to me, those wearisome journeys must cease. There will be a snug berth or two vacant before long where I can build a pretty enough nest for my little bird.

They offered me the post of *attaché* to the Embassy at Vienna the other day—do I think I see Freda mullied up to her blue eyes in furs driving in the Prater! Foley would get me a post at the British Embassy in Rome. Fancy Freda talking about one of the old-world palaces to be had there for a mere song, herself and the fresh violets I should bring her every morning the only signs of youth in the mouldering mediæval tapestries, the tarnished gildings, the faded paintings on the ceilings! Rome would not be a bad place for the winter; and in summer we might go off to Switzerland and play at mountain-life for a month or two in a *chalet* I know of, brown and many eaved, with balconies of carved and gingerbread galleries, like a child's toy just overhanging the Lake of Thun, perched upon a grassy knoll, with a close, still, dark pine trees behind it. Dreams—dreams! wonder who gives plain, cold, self-contained John Evelyn credit for so lively an imagination!

"Mr. Evelyn! That solemn prig! For heaven's sake, my dear Carrie, don't send me to dinner with him! He is so stiff and cold, looked at a woman or enjoyed a joke in his life! Queen's messenger indeed! I always fancied they were so delightfully wicked and mysterious; but he—"

Such was the unflattering comment that I overheard not many months ago from the lips of a lively little married woman who was staying in the same house as myself, and who was delivering her sentiments on people and things in general pretty freely to half a dozen kindred spirits assembled in our hostess' sanctum for afternoon tea.

My vanity did not suffer in the least from this hostile criticism. With the general run of women I have nothing in common. The bad imitation of Americanisms and the blatant independence fashionable amongst the wives and daughters of this generation by no means commend the ways to my taste.

I am not old or even elderly at thirty-four; yet I seem to have been born a century too late so far as my ideas as to what a woman should be are concerned.

But Freda altogether satisfies me. Her one season in town and her one round of visits at country houses have not spoiled her—they have not tainted her freshness and purity in the least. As I saw her at her first ball at a grand London house, natural, modest, innocent, unfeinding one of all that was pure, gentle, and good, so she is now. Sir John will not refuse her to me—of that I feel sure. He and my dead father were friends, I have known something of me from boyhood. Simple country squire as he is, he has no high ambitions for his motherless daughter; he would consent to anything that he thought conducive to her future happiness. If only she is willing!

Sometimes I have fancied that there has been a slight consciousness, a shade of shyness, in her manner towards me—that she is not ignorant of what I feel for her—that perhaps she has some idea of what her mere presence is to me. Ah, she cannot imagine the depth of a man's passion, growing hourly greater because of his enforced self-restraint!

If I lose her—which Heaven in mercy forbid!—I trust her choice may not fall on Gresley. I love her well and unselfishly enough to wish her the happiest and sunniest fate, even if her life should not be passed with me; and, in spite of his handsome face, his gentlemanly bearing, his undeniably winning ways, there is something about Gresley that I distrust instinctively. He has, if I mistake not, one or two propensities not calculated to make a woman happy.

Certainly he is more a match for her in age than I am. He is five-and-twenty at most; while I, at thirty-four, am four-and-ten years older than she. Probably Freda looks upon me as quite a fatherly person which would account for the occasional glimpses of something more than friendliness with which she favors me now and then, and which sent my pulses beating at a startling rate.

If she could but know it! If I could have had her to myself for five minutes on the terrace to-night! But to-morrow I will make an opportunity. With such a calling as mine, with such uncertainty as to whether the next twenty-four hours will find me here or at the other end of Europe, it is foolish to delay.

Even as I sit here, writing near the open window long after all the other inmates of the Manor have retired to rest, a sound of a horse's hoofs drawing nearer and nearer and audible for a long distance in the silence of the summer night may portend a summons to me—a telegram from the Foreign Office received at Grantham and sent over by the postoffice authorities to the Manor House.

By George, I am not far wrong—the sound of the pony's trot is certainly coming from the avenue! Now the animal pauses under my window, which looks to the front, while its rider, a country boy, hitches the bridle on to a lush laden with the dew and scented roses and peers about in the gray starlit obscurity for the front-door bell. I must speak to him; there is no need to knock up the house.

As I thought! Perish the Russians, the Czar, the Foreign Office, the Minister and the diplomatic hotch-potch, say I! The earliest dawn to-morrow must find me on my road to town; by to-morrow night I shall have exchanged the open and lightsome glies of Grantham for the stuffy night-express from London to Dover *en route* for St. Petersburg—and that with the dearest vision of my heart untold, with the words that might make Freda mine unspoken!

I must write; there is no help for it! A thousand changes and chances may befall before we meet again; I dare not risk delay. Such a letter should be short and to the point.

A few words breathing truth and earnestness. How paltry one's thoughts appear when set down in writing! Yet, if she cares for me as I care for her, how she will treasure this one frail sheet of white paper!

It is written, fastened down, and directed. How shall I send it to her? Her young maid is not likely to be astir so early in the morning. I would like to leave it upon the hall table, where all the letters for the household are usually laid out.

I might post it; but it would not reach her so soon. Stay—I have it! The groom who drives me to the station in the morning can deliver the letter on his return. After all, I am but a coward. I have told her not to answer me unless she can not decline my love, as she seems actually to think I were afraid to face her refusal in black and white—of reading hungrily word after word, and then finding that, however kindly and gently expressed, it meant nothing but "No." How badly I have taken the complaint to be sure! This comes of never yielding to the slightest fancy for a woman before. Well, I shall understand her silence. I have given her a week to think over the matter in case of having taken her by surprise. People sometimes refuse a request on the spur of the moment which on consideration they feel disposed to grant.

If I hear nothing from her by this day week, I shall know that it is impossible—that I must be a lonely man for the remainder of my life.

I shall cease writing my diary then. If I can reopen it to record success—the winning of the only prize in this world's lottery which I care to obtain—well and good; if not, the story of this little book will remain a blank. Who cares to make note of a failure!

HER STORY.

HOTEL BRIGHTON, January 12, 18—.

I have been married a week. Eight days since I stood in my own room at Grantham in my bridal dress, with the vows I had spoken as Cecil Gresley ringing in my ears, and Cecil and John Evelyn's letter just delivered into my hands. Too late! No one knows it.

No one must ever know it. I will never dare to look back—to think of what might have been if I had only been patient, if I had waited a little longer, and not allowed myself to be so unadvised again of my life. Surely there can be no harm in noting down what happened in my diary—what a terrible blow fell upon me on my wedding morning!

It was when we had returned from church and I was alone upstairs for a few minutes that the note I spoke of to have received six months before was brought to me. My maid Sophy knocked at my door with it and came in smiling, with a great white rose in her hand and on the breast of her smart new crimson gown.

"If you please, miss—I mean, ma'am," she said—"I am sorry to disturb you, but Fielding couldn't let me rest till I'd brought you this! He doesn't know how he came to be so careless as to forget it; but he won't tell no lies about it, he says. It must have been in his coat pocket—slipped in between the cloth and the lining through some stitches being unsewn—ever since he drove a gentleman to the station from there's very early one morning last summer—Mr. Evelyn, he thinks it was. Fielding hasn't but just found the letter, miss—ma'am—and he bears me to say, with his duty, that he does hope it isn't of any consequence.

I do not know what I said as I took the envelope out of the woman's hands; my heart seemed to stand still all at once, and the scent of the real orange blossoms in my hair half stifled me; for I knew what she had brought me—that a terrible irreparable mistake had ruined my life forever.

When Sophy had left the room, I locked the door and opened my letter. There were only a few lines in it; yet they meant more from him than a hundred pages from any one else!

I scarcely know how I felt as I read them; but I do believe that joy predominated over grief and anguish at last—joy to find that I had not been mistaken in John Evelyn after all, that I had been something to him, that I might have been everything if only his letter had been given to me at the proper time instead of when it was too late. What he must have thought of me as the days passed on and he received no reply! True, he begged me not to answer him unless I could do so honorably—unless I could offer him "a ray of hope." But what woman worthy of the name would have left such an appeal unnoticed, much less myself, who had grieved so over his sudden departure, who had missed his quiet presence in the house, and felt vaguely that all that made life worth having had gone too?

Everything seems to have conspired together fatally to give him a wrong impression of me—Aunt Harriet's illness and our hurriedly arranged expedition to the German baths in August. Cecil spoke of having met Mr. Evelyn in town at his club just after he had started for Louche; he had just returned from Vienna, and looked, Cecil said, worn out with traveling. It must have quite destroyed any hope of an explanation with me, if he entertained one, when Captain Gresley told him that he himself intended to join us abroad as soon as some necessary business could be arranged. And then—Oh, I have done wrong! I see now what a fatal mistake I have made! But I thought I seen Heaven had allowing myself to be over-persuaded! But Cecil was so determined; and then his sister, Lady Davis, was so kind, so good to me and encouraged him; and aunt Harriet took Lady Davis' side, and poor old father looked miserable and worried and unlike himself, with his body quarrelling and sacred chance of getting home for the shooting on "the first." Somehow it seemed the easiest way out of the difficulty to sacrifice my own wishes and inclinations; and, when I had once given way, they allowed me no time to think. From the minute I promised Cecil I would be his till now, when I am sitting quiet and alone on this wet afternoon in the gloomy hotel sitting-room while my husband is down stairs smoking and playing billiards, I have lived in a continual whirl of excitement, with hardly a leisure moment to call my own.

It is all over now, however. There must be no looking back. Even the little note that in my first paroxysm of grief and self-reproach I wrote to Mr. Evelyn—a mere line to tell him how, through the negligence of a servant, I had never received till my wedding day the letter he left at Grantham for me—even that I dare not send him. I have had it sealed and directed in my dressing-case for a week; but I have just burnt it. I can see the last blackened fragment fluttering on the top of the grate as I write this. No; the time for any explanation is gone by. Some day, perhaps, when we are both quite old, if we should meet, I might tell him what a trifling mistake separated us. Till then I must be content to let him think the worst of me. Better perhaps for us both that he should do so!

I cannot destroy his letter to me. That, although so very but mine must ever rest upon it, I intend to keep. I have put it away in an old pocket-book of red Russia leather that somebody gave me when I was a child, and in which I keep two or three other treasures—a curl of fair hair cut from my dear mother's head after her death, some dried heartease from my grave in the churchyard at home. There let it lie—the memory of a good man's love wasted, of two lives spoilt by one careless act.

TEN YEARS LATER.—HIS STORY.

BEAU SEJOUR, BAGNERES, August 17, 18—.

It is ten years since I opened this old diary. To-day something has occurred which has induced me to glance once more over its closely-written pages. As I unlock the tarnished silver clasp with a tiny key hanging from my watch-chain, a faint perfume steals from between the long-closed leaves, a shower of withered rose-petals flutter out on the bound and scattered upon the polished parquet floor of my sitting-room—Grantham roses, of course. I must have shut them in when last I hurriedly closed this record so long ago.

Ten years! Why, it is a lifetime! The ghost of my old self seems to peer at me from beneath the shadow of the cover of this book as I gaze with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain at the names of friends and acquaintances—some estranged, some dead—recorded here. Certainly advancing years destroy most of one's illusions. It is inconceivable to me how I could ever have endured as much joy and sorrow as I find compressed within these few sheets of blue-lined paper. At forty-four one has mercifully outlived such emotions, and life is far better worth having and infinitely more entertaining in consequence. Still feelings that one supposes entirely done with sometimes spring into life again, vigorous, indomitable as ever, roused by some trifling circumstance.

To-day, for instance, quite a trivial event, a mere accident, has brought back to my memory events of which I have not thought for years—that it has been indeed the business of my life to forget as completely as possible; and so entirely am I, in common with the rest of my kind, a creature of habit that with that memory has come an ungovernable desire to reopen this old book and set down in it—it is the only confidant I ever had—the story of my life.

I am now an idle man, having retired from my Queen's messengership about five years since in consequence of a terrible railway accident between Paris and Vienna in which I was one of the worst sufferers. It played sad havoc with my constitution, and threatened at one time to deprive me of the use of my limbs altogether. The worst of that, thank Heaven, is past! I still walk with a stick, and pass a good deal of my time every year wandering from one foreign watering place to another, chiefly because the mode of life has become habitual to me; but in reality I am as strong and healthy as ever—indeed I often think I am accepting under false pretences the very comfortable pension awarded me by her Majesty in consideration of injuries received in her service—the more so as I have lately become a man of some means, my one relative, old Colonel Verschoyle, having died and left me heir to all his possessions, including a snug little estate down in Hampshire.

Somehow the thought of that place, which I have never seen since I was a boy, but which I recollect as remarkably pretty and charmingly situated, always depressed me. What a home one could make of it in certain circumstances; but of how little use is such a legacy to a lonely man like me!

I am but more at my ease in the suite of rooms which, if they are vacant, I never fail to secure when my wanderings among the Pyrenean ranges bring me temporarily halting-place to this queer little out-of-the-way town of Bagneres de Bigorre.

To be sure, a warm welcome is always something—and Madame Clemenceaux is invariably glad to see me. I have recommended at least a dozen good tenants to her apartments at Beau Sejour, and I always pay her a regular *visite de ceremonie* on my arrival, whether she is occupying the suite of rooms beneath me, or, having let them to another, herself to a marvelous kind of wooden kiosk, painted green, with an immense gilt ball at the top, which she has had erected to suit her own fancy in the middle of the gay little garden at the back of the house, and in which, when all her available rooms are let, she cooks, eats, dresses, sleeps, and passes her existence comfortably enough.

This year the insufferable heat has driven me from the baths of Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes earlier than usual. Down here in the plains the air blows more freely than in those narrow frowning mountain-gorges, and it is inexpressibly refreshing to exchange the bustling overcrowded hotels, crammed with *poitrinaires* real or imaginary of all ages and both sexes, for the cool shady rooms of Beau Sejour. She does not care to divide the rooms, and, although they are more in number than I require, her charges are so moderate that I do the thing *en prince*, and take them all for myself and my servant. It is a great recommendation to me that there is a balcony on two sides of the house, on to which all my apartments open, and whence I can, if I please, watch my solitary dinner, sent in by contract from the neighboring Hotel de France, advancing for some yards down the road on the head of a white-aproned grinning boy, who generally accompanied by half a dozen street cars deeply interested in his proceedings.

(To be Continued.)

A Pig in the Fence.

Didst never observe when a pig in the fence
Sends forth its most pitiful shout,
How all his neighbors come running to see,
To punish him ere he gets out?
Was a nabber they may, so that others afar
May know his conditions and hence
Come running to join them in adding a scar
To the pig that has left the fence?

Well, swine are not all of the creatures that be,
Who find themselves sticking between
The rails of the fence, and who strive to get free
While the world is still shouting them in:
Who find that the favor they meet with depends
Not on words, but on deeds—and that others afar
And that 'tis but few who will prove themselves friends
To th'n pig that is fast in the fence.

Buying Fame.

"The only capital needed to embark in the profession of literature is a bottle of ink and a versatile pen."

She had read the words and pondered over them more deeply than usual, knitting her white brow until the golden curls on her forehead peeked down into her eyes to see what it all meant. Visions of future greatness with plaudits and bright with fame rose before her.

Yes, she would adopt this fourth profession. Putting on a love of a hat and a dear, dainty little wrap that hugged her close, she started out to purchase the necessary outfit. Reaching the counter before her she looked out from under her drooping plumes and coquettishly asked for a bottle of the very best ink. When placed on the counter before her it was like an elixir, so many grand possibilities flashed through her head.

"And now I want a pen." On being asked if there was any make she preferred, she hesitated and then said:

"Yes, but I most forget what it is. It's like vermicelli, or varicoid. No, that isn't it. Could it be verdigris or verdancy, now?"

"Really, I don't know," replied the puzzled clerk. "You must be looking for something quite rare."

"Yes, I am; but I've got money to buy it if I only knew what it was."

"By the way," questioned the inspired clerk, "could it be versatile?"

"Yes, that's it. I knew I'd find it. A versatile pen is what I'm looking for."

"I am sorry, miss, but we have none in stock. They are very rare and we have little call for them, as only geniuses use them. You see the points are all dipped in gray matter and attic salt, and—"

"Gray! Well, then I don't want one. Gray isn't becoming. I never have it near me," and turning she walked away unconscious that she was robbing the world of a literary gem.—*Detroit Free Press.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

GLADYS—Self-willed, careless and hopeful.

LILIE.—Energetic, determined and original.

ADELA.—Sensitive, determined and vivacious.

SIGNOTA.—Generous, generous and a little vain.

CHAT, Orillia.—Decided, prudent and hopeful.

MARIE.—Practical, energetic and self-esteeming.

AMANDA, Orillia.—Unselfish, careless and sincere.

MARY L.—Careless, vain and easily discouraged.

ELLA M.—Painstaking, prudent and a little vain.

FRANCES, Orillia.—Precise, hopeful and persevering.

OCMIS, Tofie to, O.—Determined, generous and erratic.

GOLDEN ROD, Belleville.—Vanity, impulse and vivacity.

LOUISE, Orillia.—Reserved, courageous and self-assertive.

DUNDERALLA, Orillia.—Independent, practical and vivacious.

ANN, Orillia.—Ambitious, original and susceptible to flattery.

BARBARA, Orillia.—Sincere, energetic and haughty in manner.

DAISY, Aurora.—Impulsive, heedless, self-willed, erratic and decisive.

HALA, Sarnia.—Writing denotes generosity, perseverance and firmness.

VEIL, Hamilton.—Your writing denotes energy, intuition, honesty and decision.

POLLY WOOD.—We think you are orderly, impulsive, sincere and very ambitious.

ESTHER R.—Indecision, reserve and susceptibility to flattery are exhibited here.

LENORA MACK.—Writing denotes much romance of feeling, perseverance and generosity.

NYDIA, Sarnia.—Writing denotes gaiety, independence, carelessness and an erratic nature.

CARRIE A.—Tendency to exaggeration, an even temper and much generosity are here shown.

F. de R., Montreal.—Writing denotes selfishness, fondness for flattery, decision and precision.

FLORENCE.—Carelessness, nervousness, impulse and originality are denoted by your writing.

J. A. GOMALIN.—Writing denotes self-esteem, fluency of speech, considerable self-shness and ambition.]

COMMERCIAL.—Self-reliance, decision, susceptibility to flattery, and much ambition are exhibited here.

WOE LUND.—Your writing shows a practical, decisive nature, self-reliance and considerable self-esteem.

QUEBEC, Belleville.—Vanity, decision, determination and an affectionate disposition are exhibited by your writing.

ROBERTA, Chatham.—You are evidently hasty, quite self-reliant, fond of flattery, and of a gay and lively disposition.

W. T. S., Hamilton.—Writing denotes perseverance, a hopeful and courageous nature and much romance of feeling.]

POLLY, Toledo, O.—Inclination to exaggeration, self-will, self-reliance and considerable egotism are displayed by your writing.

SIDGIFFY, Belleville.—We are so glad to have your address, Mr. McG. Your whereabouts has been much discussed. Writing displays self-esteem, a tendency to exaggeration, independence and extreme carelessness.

ADELAIDE C.—Your writing shows sensitiveness, selfishness, order and decision. A girl with brown hair and dark blue eyes can wear blue in any shade except steel blue and dark shades of red, delicate pink and if she be pale, scarlet.

CAPRICE, Oakville.—Your writing shows determination, perseverance, a fun-loving nature, considerable energy and a variable temper. No. 1 and No. 2 display the same characteristics, viz.: selfishness, originality, wit and impulse.

LIL, Belleville.—Why said I had *la grippe*? It's a fabrication, I assure you. Your writing denotes an easy disposition, an inclination to be comfortable if possible, you understand—a merry and hopeful nature and considerable selfishness and self-will.

NELLIE BLY, Brantford.—Selfishness, independence, quick temper and an affectionate disposition are exhibited here. Miss Florence Nightingale says she "loves Canada" and much criticises the Americans for their lengthened enunciation of "ask."

INTERROGATION MARK.—Anything which stimulates the skin, as camphor or cologne, will increase the growth of hair. Vaseline is also good, and perhaps the very best thing is gentle friction with the fingers after an application of bay rum. I am not familiar with the quotation, and it is not to be found in any book of quotations. "Agreeably disappointed," is a colloquialism which savors of slang, and while a little funny, is not at all logical. Your writing shows a practical, determined nature, mirth and hopefulness.

She Couldn't Play.

Hostess—Won't you please play something for us, dear Miss Swindle?

Miss Swindle—Oh, I caunt, really, I'm so horridly out of practice.

Hostess—Oh, Miss Swindle! When you always play so beautifully at any time!

Miss Swindle—I! I play beautifully when I really don't pretend to be anything more than an amateur! I only wish I could play.

First Guest—Do play, Miss Swindle.

Second Guest—Oh, do.

Third Guest—Please do, Miss Swindle. I've heard so much about your exquisite playing and have always wanted to hear you.

Miss Swindle—Oh, thank you! But I really am quite out of practice and I simply play a little for my own amusement.

Guests (in chorus—O-o-o-o. Miss Swindle!

Miss Swindle—Really, I don't pretend to play well.

Fourth Guest—Do, please, play something for us. Let me escort you to the piano.

Miss Swindle (reluctantly)—Well, if I must, I must. I suppose; but I shall play horridly and I really don't know of a thing to play, anyhow.

Hostess (to her husband an hour later)—We really must do or say something to get that stupid Miss Swindle away from the piano. She's played six long pieces now and is beginning on the seventh, and heaven only knows when she'll stop. Everybody's either yawning or giggling. I don't know what ever made me ask her to play, anyhow!—*Detroit Free Press.*

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What Little New York Girls Study.

I saw a little girl on the corner of Fifth avenue and Twentieth street, says a writer in the Sun, the other day. She was over ten or twelve years old, the wind was blowing fiercely, and she had all she could do to manage a huge bundle of books and take care of her wardrobe at the same time, so I came to her assistance.

"What a lot of things you study!" I said.

"Yes," she replied; "I belong to Public School No. 3."

I asked her to let me carry the books, and so got a look at them. Elements of Synthetic Chemistry was one. Biology was another.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Do you know anything about biology?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "but I prefer psychology and neurology."

"What else do you study!"

"Oh, theology, navigation, metallurgy, civil engineering, telegraphy, telegraph, oratory, Egyptology and Greek art."

"Is that all?"

"Oh, no, we have athletics, esthetics, anesthetics and ethics."

"Do you indeed! What are you going to do with these things when you grow up!"

"Me! Oh, I'm going to join the Madison square company with Barrymore."

An Antidote for Cigarettes.

Dr. Reid, a New York physician, is credited with having something new, generally known, and it is that chewing gum is the best antidote to the cigarette habit. "I have prescribed it," he said, "with the greatest success. Not only does it break up the habit of having a cigarette end in the mouth, by giving the jaws something innocent to attend to, but it seems to have a stimulative effect upon the mucous membrane of the mouth, so that the smoke of a cigarette smarts and is disagreeable."

After Forty Years.

An old bachelor recently gave utterance to the following *jeu d'esprit*. He was introduced to a beautiful widow of the same name as himself. The introduction was in this wise:

"Mr. Evans, permit me to introduce you to Mrs. Evans."

"Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the spirited old bachelor, "the very lady I have been in search of the last forty years!"

Uncle Ezekiel's Wig.

"It's the shabbiest thing Ezekiel Dunwoodie ever did, to leave those two girls unprovided for!" said that hydra-headed and hydra-tongued collective noun, the public of Jacksonville.

For once, it would appear, *Vox Populi* was right. And this was the history of affairs:

Ezekiel Dunwoodie—a withered, miserly, close fisted old heathen—had quarreled with all his relations except two pale, half-witted girls who lived with him because they had nowhere else to live, and waited on him from that dogged sense of duty which they perhaps had inherited from some hard headed ancestor who came over in the Mayflower. They did the work of farm hand, chore boy, maid servant, and housekeeper without a cent of remuneration or a word of complaint; they bore with old Ezekiel's whims, endured his ill-temper, and honestly did their best to make him comfortable until, at the age of ninety, he departed this life, and, to the amazement of everybody, left no will.

"He made one, I know," said Squire Saxe, the legal luminary of the village. "I drawed it up for him, and Joseph Parker and Milo Gresham they witnessed it. It was just after Patience and Perseverance come to live there. He wanted to show Sarah Dunwoodie and her city husband and George Henry Dunwoodie and their cousins up in Winnipeg that he wasn't goin' to be trifled with. He left all his property—and a nice tidy sum it was—to Patience and Perseverance; and, in my opinion, he done a sensible thing. And now the question is, where is that will?"

There are some questions doomed never to be answered. Squire Saxe and his clerk came to the house and turned the contents of old Dunwoodie's cherry-wood desk upside down, rummaged all the corner cupboards, and ransacked the few closets and table-drawers. Perseverance and Patience searched high and low, and still no will was forthcoming.

Patience and Perseverance, whose faces were paler than ever and whose hair seemed more colorless, looked appealingly at Squire Saxe.

"What is to be done?" said they.

"Gals, I'm sorry for you," said the squire, "but there ain't but one way. Things'll have to go accordin' to the old testamentary disposition made by Ezekiel Dunwoodie's father, George Henry and Sarar, they'll inherit."

"But he was very angry with them, and they hadn't spoke for ten years," faltered Perseverance, who was engaged to a lank young school master, and the wedding day had been set on the strength of Uncle Dunwoodie's probable bequest.

The squire slowly shook his head.

"That don't make no difference," said he.

"And we have lived here for eight years, and worked like slaves," pleaded Patience, "for never a cent of wages! And he always said—"

"It don't matter what he said nor what you've done," pittyingly uttered the squire. "There weren't no contract, and you can't claim nothin'. Sarar and George Henry, they're the natural h'irs."

Down came "Sarar and George Henry" like vultures on the quarry.

"Dear me," said "Sarar," whose New York name was Mrs. Torrance, "I did begin to believe that that old man never would die."

"Small loss to any one, I guess," said George Henry, who was a Mr. Gregory, walking around with both hands buried deep in his pockets. "Always was a reg'lar-goin' miser!"

Perseverence burst into tears.

"No one has any right to say so," said she.

"Hey! halloo!" exclaimed George Henry, fixing his protuberant eyes upon her, "I dunno what you're takin' his part for, Persy Liddon. He ain't done so awful much for you!"

"I can't help that," said Perseverance. "He's got no one to defend him now."

"And he was always kind to us," sobbed Patience. "And he said he'd made a will!"

"So he had," said Squire Saxe.

"Where is it, then?" sneered George Henry.

"That's what I'd like to know myself," observed "Sarar" Torrance, scornfully.

Perseverance and Patience took counsel with their friend the squire, and decided to rent the old farm from George Henry at a reasonable rate, and and go into what the squire called the "bee business."

"There's always a demand for honey," said the squire, "and you've got a tol'able start of bee-hives, an' there's plenty of white clover and buckwheat hereabouts, an' you can shore up with poultry an' eggs an' garden truck till ye get goin' on the bee business. You gals never was afraid of work, and I know the selectmen want a place to board some o' the town poor, and there's the two up-stairs chambers to spare, and you allays got along with old folks. The board ain't much, but it is something."

So matters were settled. Perseverance and the schoolmastar resigned themselves to a few more years of tedious waiting, and Patience wrote a sorrowful note to the village carpenter that it was of no use thinking of matrimony at present, to which the carpenter, who had an old mother, two aunts and a cripple brother, could not but accede, however unwillingly.

"I only wish," moodily observed Caleb Chips, "that I could get into the other world long enough to give old Zeke Dunwoodie a piece of my mind!"

"Caleb," said his mother, "that's profane!"

"I feel profane," said Caleb. "And such a nice girl as Patience Liddon is too!"

Perseverance and Patience had spent their lives in enduring, and they had no idea of flinching now. It was hard, but they were used to hardships. The started bravely in the bee business, looked sharply after the young chickens and pullets, and planted early lettuce in a home-made cold frame, constructed by Caleb Chips, and they took two venerable old men to board at two dollars a week apiece at the instance of the selectmen—Uncle Billy Barton and Simeon Cluckett.

"Uncle Billy ain't bad company," said Mr. Meglip, the Chairman of the Board. "You might get some odd chores outen him, for he's drefful tickled at the idear o' makin' himself useful. As for for Cluckett, he ain't nothin' but a stun statter. He jest sets all day, tipped back on his cheer, and looks straight afore him; but he ain't no gret o' trouble."

Uncle Billy distinguished himself by splitting all the kindlings needed, and whitewashing the back cellar in a somewhat streaky manner—for which he paid himself by confiscating a rust-colored wig which he found on a shelf down there.

"A box on 'em," said he. "All the old wigs Zeke Dunwoodie ever wore out, I calculate. He was always dreadful pa'ticular about his wigs—never wore one more than three years. Some on 'em's mouse-eat, but this 'ere's in pretty good condition. There ain't no objection to my bein' on't, I s'pose?"

"You are welcome to it," said Patience, with a sigh.

There was something in the sight of Uncle Ezekiel's wig that brought back the old days with unpleasant distinctness.

Simeon Cluckett burst into a cackle of senile laughter at the apparition of Uncle Billy in the dark red wig which fitted him so ill. Uncle Billy grinned with imperturbable good humor.

"It's all very well for you to larf, Sim Cluckett," said he, but you're a thatch o' gray hair o' your own, and I'm as bald as a beetle! Old wigs come in mighty handy once in awhile, I tell you what!"

At the end of three days Uncle Billy had indulged in three different wigs.

"They don't none of 'em fit first rate," said he. "I ain't pa'ticular, though—that's a good thing. And I'll tell you one funny thing, Miss Persy: I've dreamt of old Zeke every blessed night since I began to wear his wigs! Real tormentin' dreams, you know!"

Perseverance felt a cold shiver go through her.

"I wouldn't wear them, Uncle Billy," said she.

"Not wear 'em! Why, they're a perfect bonanza to me!" crooned the old man. "Ther ain't nothin' like a good wig for keepin' off neurology! I kind o' wish, though, old Zeke's head hadn't been a size bigger'n mine."

"What did you dream about Uncle Ezekiel, Uncle Billy?" asked Perseverance, with a sort of terrible fascination in the subject.

"Wall, fust night I dreampt he was a-knockin' at the south door like all possessed, a-tryin' to get in—an' the queerest of all was, he hadn't no wig on! Tell you I felt sort o' guilty when I woke up!"

"Well!" interjected Perseverance.

"Wall, next night he'd somehow got in. He was sort o' huntin' raound fo' suthin', with the big brass candlestick in 's hand, and I'm blessed if he wasn't bald-headed ag'in! Wall, I waked up all in a cold sweat, an' sez I to myself, 'Darn everything—here goes!' an' I jest twiched off the wig an' flung it on the floor. Wall, last night I tied my head up in a bandanner handkerchief. 'Ole man, if ye want your ole mouse-eat wig,' says I to myself, 'I won't stan' in your way.' And, ef ye'll believe me, I dreamed of him the third time! An' he was down cellar this time with his candle a countin' over the wigs. True's you live he was!"

"Uncle Billy," said Perseverance, "you mustn't wear Uncle Ezekiel's wigs any more."

"Eh?" squeaked the old man.

"No," said the girl. "We'll buy you a new one—Patience and I—or we'll make you a nice little black-silk skull-cap."

"Such as Squire Saxe's father wears? Wall, that would be stylish!" said Uncle Billy, his bleared eyes lighting up. "Done! It's a bargain!"

"Go down-stairs and bring up the old box," said Perseverance, "and we'll burn them. I ought to have thought of it before."

Uncle Billy obeyed with alacrity, and with a long breath Perseverance began to take out the relics of poor old Ezekiel Dunwoodie's last years.

"Least too good to burn, ain't they?" said Uncle Billy, greedily. "Eh, what's that? A folded paper? It can't be nothin' put away, can it?"

But Perseverance did not answer him. She could not have spoken a word had her life depended on it. It was an ancient, yellow piece of "legal cap" that she had taken up, mouse-nibbled at one or two edges discolored with dust and damp, but nevertheless legible, and plain—the will by which Ezekiel Dunwoodie had bequeathed all his earthly possessions to his two cousins, Perseverance and Patience Liddon, "his only friends and faithful nurses and companions for the last five years," as he phrased it.

There is a variety of opinions on everything that happen in this world.

The parson, who was a dabbler in transcendentalism, adduced a number of instances to prove that the whole thing had cropped out of the wearing of old Ezekiel's wig by Uncle Billy Barton—electrical currents, animal magnetism, and all that sort of thing. Perseverance Liddon, who had a strain of sentiment in her nature, inwardly believed that old Dunwoodie's wraith had actually appeared to Uncle Billy in order to that end, being induced by his own negligence. Squire Saxe said "there wa'an't no accountin' for things, and as the will was safe and sound, he shouldn't try to."

"But what nonsense you are all talking," said Patience, quietly. "What is there supernatural about it? If Billy Barton was hunting in the old wig-box, what was more natteral than that he should find something that was concealed there? And why should it be a dream of Uncle Ezekiel under Uncle Ezekiel's own roof?"

"Patience allays hits the right nail on the head," said Caleb Chips, who was already planning a new wing to the Chips homestead, big enough to hold himself and his bride.

A Slight Mistake.

Man at telephone (trying to find out who has rung the bell)—Hello, there, are you 37?

Young Lady at the other end (indignantly)—No, you horrid thing, I'm only 17.

WHICH WILL IT BE?

Which is the fairest, a rose or a lily?
Which is the sweetest, a peach or a pear?
Merry's coquetish, and charming is Milly;
Dora is gentle and fair.
Sweet as a flower was her face when I kissed [her,
(Love is the romance and glory of life),
Milly, my playmate, I love "like a sister,"
But Dora I choose for my wife.

That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if she will have you. Should her health become delicate and her beauty fade after marriage, remember that this is usually due to functional disturbances weakness, irregularities, or painful disorders peculiar to her sex, in the cure of which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. See the printed certificate of guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

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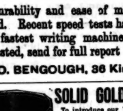

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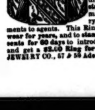

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A Short Cut.

Oh, Bob dear, please get me my handkerchief; it's in my brown dress pocket.

Here's the dress, but where's the pocket!

Sold again.

Let's get at the root of the matter.

Desperate measures.

Triumph!—*Lady's Pictorial.*

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VOL. III] TORONTO, FEB. 8, 1890. [NO. 11

Good-bye Bohemia.

Madame Roland of the French Pension for Governesses in Bayswater gave a "send-off" party, before I left England for Canada, to a small number of Bohemians. We were all there. Dot and Birdie Gray and Druce and Percy. An elderly gentleman named Weston was there also, with his nephew, Mr. Barber, who wore a high "masher" collar and was much given to singing Irish comic songs with an English accent.

We had a very nice supper brought in from the Grid by a shiny waiter with one eye, who, with Josephine, Madame's French servant, waited on us at table.

They squabbled a good deal and when conversation lagged we could hear old Josephine scolding away in French, which, as the waiter did not understand a word she was saying, he bore with strong calmness. After supper we had some dancing. I got Mr. Barker for my partner, and as he danced in a new and fearful manner on my toes, I was glad when it was over.

Then Mr. Weston, who prided himself on his dramatic talent, got up to act a scene after Macready.

"No actor who ever lived," quoth Mr. Weston, "could fall on the stage as Macready did, and I propose to show you, ladies and gentlemen, how he did it. I have studied the part for a long time, and I have been told"—complacently—"that I do it very like Macready."

Whereupon Mr. Weston cleared a space in the middle of the room and—commenced operations. He was a large bald-headed man, with a fishy eye, and wore a closely buttoned-up frock coat.

All I can say is that if Macready looked anything like him, as he strode, high tragedy fashion about the room, with one hand holding in his forehead and the other thrust in his breast, and a look on his face as though he had eaten something which had disagreed with him, I shall never regret not having seen Macready. Presently he fell down like the great actor, I presume—only Mr. Weston fell with his head in the coal-scuttle, and when he got up he had a black patch on the bald part which gave him an inexpressibly funny look for the rest of the evening.

Dot (wicked little woman) asked Mr. Barker for a comic song. So that youth who was not afflicted with bashfulness stood up and gave us the following classic ditty with a fine English accent:

Tim Finnigan lived in Capel street,
An Irish gentleman—rather odd,
He'd a bit of the brogue both mate an' sweet,
An' to rise in the world, he married a bod.

I thought Percy would have a fit, he was black in the face with suppressed laughter—and small wonder! for Mr. Barker's rendering of Tim Finnigan's Wake, was the funniest thing imaginable.

The evening wore away merrily and somebody made a nice little speech about me and wished me back in the New Country and then we broke up.

They all promised to see me off next day, so it was not yet good-bye. When they were gone, I went up with Dot and Birdie to have the last chat in the dear dingy old London house. But we got very blue indeed, and found we had nothing to say that had not been said before, so we did the most sensible thing and went to bed.

The girls came down with me to the Euston station next day, and there we found Percy and Druce—and somebody else—and it was "Good-bye, Kit," now. I shall never forget the little group on the platform on that 25th of June.

Birdie was bright and cheerful to the last, but little Dot was crying—while Percy and Druce spoke of the small thing it was nowadays to take a run over to Canada.

"You might see us any day, Kit, so cheer up. We will have some Bohemian evenings over in Toronto someday!"

Ah that someday!

At last I took my seat in the long train, and my friends crowded around me to say good-bye—then ho! for the good ship Circassian and Canada! The girls thrust two deep red roses into my hands (the dear withered things lie near me as I write) and Percy put a packet of new books into the carriage, and I think Druce bought up every paper and magazine he could lay hold of at the bookstall.

While somebody put a wee parcel on the seat beside me, and then the bell rang and the train steamed slowly away.

I looked at the little group of kindly Bohemians—at a white strained face which I shall never forget—and the tears rained down on the little English roses.

KIT.

The men who accomplish the most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. Everybody must have observed that. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, clear, orderly and methodical fashion, finishing each task properly, and not wasting their nervous force on trifles or expending it in bustle. They never complain of overwork. They are more likely to be hunting up new work to do, in order to give their faculties more varied employment and to exercise some which are not sufficiently used.

Self-respect is the foundation of character and of progress. Break it down and nothing valuable can be built upon the ruins; establish it firmly and no one can tell how noble a structure of virtue and happiness may not be raised.

MUSIC

The Toronto Choral Society's concert on January 30, was a very enjoyable one, though not by any means a brilliant event. It was rather of the solid description. The Mass, Mozart's Coronation, which was the first work of the chorus, is like so many others of the masses, interesting and good musically but utterly devoid of all devotional feeling. Still it served to fill in a half hour for chorus and orchestra very acceptably. The chorus was out of balance, the sopranos being in greater weight than the other parts. Still the tone was good and bright, the attacks were smart and crisp—more so than usual—and the music was well rehearsed. Mr. Fisher had his forces well in hand and was bright and alert in his tempos. Of the soloists, Mrs. Clara E. Shilton sang very well indeed, though showing a little nervousness, and a slight dilatoriness of attack. Her voice is well suited to this style of music and she had quite an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Blight did very well too, his intonation being clear and distinct. The tenor, Mr. Charles Herbert Clarke of New York, was sufficiently good to be pleasing, and was a very careful and conscientious singer withal.

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The orchestra was as usual somewhat unequal in quality, having a fairly full wind section, and a light string side. The strings were very good, however, though the second violins might have been a little more certain in their work. Still they gave very acceptable renderings of Mozart's Titus overture and of the accompaniments to the mass. But it was under Signor D'Auria's direction that the orchestra showed its excellence when his new cantata, The Sea-King's Bride, was begun. Signor D'Auria's work is ambitious in treatment, especially in the orchestral scoring, and presents plenty of difficulties to both singers and instrumentalists. He is a thorough master of the art of instrumentation, and presents in the cantata a plentiful variety of tasteful and agreeable tone-coloring, and he has the patience to be definite in form and development. His weakness, or rather his lack of strength, lies in the occasional lack of continuous melody in places. His prelude is very sombre in character, and does not at all suggest the airy and sparkling passages that delight the ear later when the Water Sprites come into the story. In the work he has given to the Water Sprites, and especially in the last chorus with soprano obligato, Signor D'Auria has produced beautifully graceful and dainty effects, and a brilliant *ensemble*. He was ably aided by the libretto furnished by Mrs. Edgar J. Jarvis.

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As a conductor Signor D'Auria is very effective and inspires his forces with confidence. The orchestra had a plentiful variety of watching to do, as he is liberal in his distribution of passages, but in the main it performed its difficult work very well. The tone-quality was somewhat impaired by the adherence to *piano* playing, a severe test of efficiency in an orchestra composed of local musicians who play together all too little. The chorus, especially the sopranos and altos, did excellent work in the Cantata, and Signor D'Auria is to be congratulated upon both his fine composition and the excellent rendering it received at the hands of the society. Mme. D'Auria sang excellently, especially in the florid passages, and was satisfactorily assisted by Mrs. Milne, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Blight. I am glad to note that the committee is able to announce that owing to generous and general support, the society's operations for the season are upon a solid and paying financial basis.

Monday evening was a gala occasion for "bikes" and their riders, when the Toronto Bicycle Club gave a really fine entertainment in the Academy of Music. Very well arranged tableaux, designed by Mr. Bell-Smith and Mr. J. Fraser Bryce, were agreeable features of the evening's programme. Further evidence of the club's resources was given by the excellent singing of the Glee Club under the direction of Mr. E. T. Coates. The club is composed of some twenty odd very good voices, whose singing was neat and clean and nicely shaded. A little more speed and dash would have been desirable, but this will no doubt come in good time if the club keeps up its work.

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The vocalists were Miss Clara E. Barnes and Mr. Whitney Mockridge, both welcome visitors to Toronto. Miss Barnes was in excellent voice, and gave charming renditions of her songs, Sunset, Because of Thee, and Springtide. Mr. Mockridge sang the ever-welcome Salve Dimora, and three ballads, 'Tis All That I Can Say, Come Into the Garden, Maud, and Then You'll Remember Me. His style is always good and he was especially happy in his renditions on this occasion. Mr. H. L. Clark's cornet solos, as usual, were very popular numbers on the programme. The accompaniments were very well played by Miss Hattie Mockridge and Mr. A. T. Burns.

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The usual quarterly concert of the pupils of the Conservatory of Music took place on Monday evening before a crowded audience, whose approval was frequent and emphatic.

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Max Bruch's noble work Arminius will be sung by the Philharmonic Society, with well-known solo talent, on Thursday evening next.

METRONOME.

But He Couldn't Pay His Stable Bill.

Miss Maria—Is this horse yours, Mr. Wigsey?

Wigsey (who has paid his only two dollars for an hour's use of the sleigh)—One of mine.

Miss Maria—Then let us drive over to Aunt Sophie's while we are out. Straight ahead.

Wigsey—All right, Maria. Galang! How many blocks is it?

Miss Maria—Blocks? Oh, it is fourteen miles, but it is such a romantic drive, Mr. Wigsey.

Give and Take.

The Duke of Mudbury—Now, Miss Manhattan, I'll wager you know your Burke better than I do.

Miss Manhattan—Ah, but I dare say your Grace could stump me on Bradstreet.—*Life.*

The Drama.

Put Minnie Maddern wherever you will, surround her with whatever characters you will, put into her mouth what language you will, and she will still make a strong impression. That is because she is magnetic. It is because she has a marked individualism and because she speaks and acts totally unlike any one else you ever saw on the stage. But she does not impress everybody favorably—not half as many as she should. Those who go to the theater solely to feast the eye on the graces of the human form divine as exemplified in the female face and form—the patrons of the comic operas and the burlesque—don't see much in Minnie Maddern. Nature has not blessed her, or cursed her, with much beauty. People at the Grand the other night looked at her light auburn locks and then looked up at "Aurora preceding the chariot of the sun," at the top of the proscenium arch to see if any of the horses were white. I remember many, many years ago when a boy, seeing at a fall fair a side show placard in garish colors bearing a wonderful device representing a steam man. He was attired much after the fashion of our ancestors who came over with the Conqueror, and wore cast iron clothes. He breathed fire and smoke and the inscription testified in bold letters that here was The Horse of the Future. I paid my dime and went in to see this man-horse—this centaur of modern times. There I saw a tin thing shaped something like a man, fastened to a rod which revolved on a pivot. At the other end of the rod was a box of stones to balance the coming horse. A small steam engine concealed in his bosom furnished the motive power. I was somewhat disappointed, but I waited half an hour till the proprietor got steam up and the wonder walked. So did I. Minnie Maddern does not walk exactly as the steam man did, but I was reminded of my early experience when I saw her in Featherbrain on Monday evening. She is not fair and stately. She is not plump and pretty. She is not built to show off a Worth dress in good style, or to be an excellent background for sparkling jewels. On the contrary, she is slender, lithe and angular. But she has a great head, even if it is red. She speaks and moves and a thrill passes through her audience, they know not why. That is the influence of a powerful and magnetic intelligence, Genius acts the same way.

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I could not help feeling disappointed after seeing Featherbrain the other evening. The title did not certainly carry with it the idea of weight and the play amply realized to my mind the promise of its name. It is farcical to a degree and so complicated that nothing but a most minute description would convey an idea of what it is about. The fun of the piece is produced mostly by the forgetfulness of Featherbrain and the entanglements arising directly or indirectly out of it. But while it makes one merry with its brightness and cleverness one cannot help feeling that Miss Maddern is here out of her element. One remembers her in Caprice—remembers how those tears and sobs of hers seemed to come from lower heart-depths than one usually sees on the stage—remembers how the sunshine of her smiles followed those summer showers of grief—and wants to see her weep again. But she does not in Featherbrain. She plays her part so unobtrusively and quietly and there is so little of it that one wonders if she has not somehow or other got hold of the wrong character. Her support is very good. Mr. Wm. Faversham made a very boisterous Don. Mr. Chas. L. Harris as Pettigrew is a great success and is nobly assisted by Mr. Samuel Edwards as Bob Coney. The ladies, Miss Emma Maddern, Miss Lulu Kline and Miss Jennie Busley took their parts admirably. In Spite of All is the bill for the last three nights.

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On Monday evening next the famous eccentric comedian, J. B. Polk, will begin a week's engagement at the Grand in his new comedy, The Silent Partner. After the production of

the comedy in New York city early in the present season, negotiations were entered into by which the comedy will be seen at Chas. Wyndham's Criterion Theater, London, next summer. Three weeks hence Mr. Polk returns to New York city for a long run at a Broadway theater. The scene of the play is New York, time, the present; and the play an exceedingly interesting portrayal of life in that city.

George Edwardes' original London Gaiety Theater Company open at the Grand Opera House, Monday, February 17, for three nights in the most amusing and charming of burlesques, Faust Up to Date, the work of the famous authors George R. Sims and Henry Pettit, who have supplied the burlesque with an abundance of comical situations and humorous puns. The music is by Herr Meyer Lutz, and the best he has ever written, being bright and catchy. The company is the largest and best that has ever been brought over from the other side and is headed by Miss Florence St. John, who comes heralded as the queen of all comic opera prima donnas and burlesque artistes. She has met with the greatest success in New York and Philadelphia and will no doubt become immensely popular here. The comedians are E. J. Lonnen and Charles Danby who introduce several taking and popular songs. The dancing by the four original Gaiety girls headed by Miss Florence Levey is novel and graceful. The scenery and costumes are bright and for harmony in coloring have never been equaled in America. There's a grand march by 100 young ladies led by full military band and the spectacular effects throughout the performance are very fine. Notwithstanding the greatness of the attraction the prices have been but slightly increased. Entire lower floor and first four rows of Dress Circle $1.50, last rows Circle $1. Admission to lower floor $1, Dress Circle 75c., Gallery 50c. Sale of seats begins next Thursday.

Hardie and Von Leer have played at Jacobs and Sparrow's to good business this week. Their play, On the Frontier, is the same as they played here last season though materially improved in some parts. The incidents of the play are as thrilling and exciting as ever, but a number of musical specialties have been inserted to soothe the savagery of the rest of the play. For those who like Western drama On the Frontier is about the most thrilling example of it that travels. The Dutch and Irish specialties of P. H. Gardner and Charles Saunders were clever and very amusing. The genuine Indians with their war paint and their war whoops make the play about as realistic as the most romantic could desire.

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The Lilly Clay Colossal Gaiety Company is to commence a week's engagement at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, commencing next Monday, February 10. The New York *Sun* says: The present company is a good one, and treating theater patrons to something new and fresh. In that line Lilly Clay's musical soiree, entitled Beauty in Dreamland, opens the show. It is a regular minstrel first part, with many original ideas and some very good-looking women. There are two editions of end men, Robert Van Osten and Jas. Sheeran, and Emmerson and Cook. Emma Warde and Hilda La Porte are in the middle. The Sheerans are first on the regular variety bill. They do an act full to the brim of funny sayings, gags, etc., and know how to make a hit. Clay's Metropolitan Four, Wilson, Clarke, Davenport and Warde, do very neat songs and dances, and are liberally rewarded with applause. Rose and Hilda La Porte are next with some new songs. The burlesque, Robinson Crusoe, is then run on with suitable parts for all the artists with the company. Emmerson and Cook, the knock-about comedians and acrobats, are voted all right. Alice Townsend and ten other shapely beauties then show How We Pose. Kittie Love and May Clinton, the famous rifle shots, do a difficult act. Hilton, the celebrated contortionist, then does his renowned act, and the show closes with an Amazon march.

Nellie McHenry and her company opened at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening in Green Room Fun, too late for an extended notice in this column this week.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

One of Byron's most successful dramas, Cyril's Success, is to have a revival at the Criterion theater in London soon.

Last week the *Mirror* published reports from its correspondents all over America which indicate that the present theatrical season has been unprecedentedly dull in every part of the country.

John Stetson is now reported to have told D'Oyley Carte that there was not *eau-de-vie* enough in his company of Gondoliers. Stetson pronounces it Gone Dollars. D'Oyley Carte, with that quick sense of repartee which characterizes all Englishmen, instantly replied, "I am aware the company lacks *pomme de terre*, Mr. Stetson, and I intend to supply it."

Julia Marlowe has been playing in As You Like It in New York for the past few weeks, and there seems to be trouble among the newspaper critics as to whether she can act Rosalind or not. The *Times* says she was a failure. The *Sun* says she was a success. The *Tribune* says it is not in her. The *World* says she was built for it. The *Times* says she has no temperament. The *Herald* says she is the only actress who has any. The *Times* says nobody has played the part since Neilson but Modjeska and Rehan. The *Sun* says it is the best Rosalind since Neilson.

James Albery, the adapter of Minnie Maddern's play Featherbrain, was a bright and most original playwright; he will be remembered chiefly as the author of the Two Roses. Poor Albery was one of those unfortunate men whom the world did not seem to appreciate as he deserved. He grew discouraged of late years and sought solace in the wine cup.

Years ago, when she was a mere girl, he married Mary Moore of Charles Wyndham's company, for whom the Two Roses was written. Albery was always very proud of his young wife's success on the stage.

One day, when he felt particularly down on his luck, he said to her: "Ah, Mary, you're a clever little girl. You should have married a better man than I am."

"I did, Jim," was her reply.

There seems at present little chance of a dearth of child professionals. A family named Barrison, of Danish origin, supplies no less than four juvenile prodigies, each one of whom is now under actual engagement. The eldest little girl is playing Mignon, and most acceptably too, with the Southern company of Bootles' Baby; the next one, little Hansie, has been engaged as understudy for Elsie Leslie in The Prince and the Pauper at the Broadway theater, in which piece also another little sister is to be seen; while the remaining one, Sophie, appears in the production of As You Like It at Daly's. These precocious little youngsters have a firm friend and admirer in Kate Claxton, who takes a lively interest in them and their future.

The Precocious Kid.

Visitor—Is Mr. Schmidt at home?

Freddie (ætat. 12)—That's me or perhaps you wish to see old Mr. Schmidt?

Two Poets.

For Saturday Night.

There lived a poet once, a famous bard
Whose muse, enwrapped in robes of mystic light
Soared high above the common herd of men.
So high it soared it almost passed from sight,
Even as the cold and lifeless planet of heaven,
That shine in chilly splendor from the skies,
Withhold the radiance of their faint beams
Beyond the naked sight of mortal eyes.
Still there are some pretentious ones who read
The mystic dreams and fancies of his brain,
Pedantic minds, who understanding naught,
Would still have others think they grasp the strain
Till at some passage with strange meaning fraught,
Too subtle far for them to understand,
They pause perplexed, then as with one accord
Cry out in chorus, "How sublime and grand!"
Oh! gifted bard, I would not try to pluck
One single leaf from out thy wreath of fame,
Because I fail to grasp thy subtle thoughts,
'Tis not in thee, but me, where lies the blame.
Around his tomb the world has bowed in grief
And strewed his grave with bay and laurel leaf.

* * * *

There lived and died a poet, years ago,
A hardy, humble ploughman of the soil,
Who sang his heartfelt songs in simplest phrase
And earned his daily bread by honest toil.
His songs brought gladness unto many hearths
And soothed men's sorrows as with magic spell.
His name was known in palace and in cot,
For king and peasant loved the poet well.
And why? Because he sang of human faith,
Of human love and human joy and pain,
The greatest thoughts couched in the simplest words
The lowliest mind could grasp his meaning plain.
Oh! poet ploughman! thine the laurel leaf,
Whose songs found answer in the hearts of men,
Thy name shall live on fame's immortal scroll
After his name has passed from mortal ken.
Thine the true poet soul and gifted mind,
Whose lyrics reach the heart of all mankind.

MARIE JOURNAYE.

Gertie.

For Saturday Night.

From Monday to Monday, from early to late,
She goes to and fro with her toddling gait,
Down the orchard path and among the trees
With her head all bare to the sun and the breeze.

Her busy arms swinging, her body all motions,
And her merry, black eyes full of mischievous notions,
Her restless feet hunting for spots to explore,
Where she chatters such logic ne'er heard of before.

Out in the barnyard with horses and cows,
And inanimate things, she delights to carouse,
Where nothing with horns on or nothing without them
Has the slightest feature of terror about them.

From mother's to grandma's and grandma's to mother's
She goes with a smile sweeter far than all others,
And in spite of her pranks that sweet smile will win you,
No matter how deep is the vengeance within you.

In all kinds of mischief, in all sorts of plights,
In the glory of dirt and in kindred delights,
Incessant she goes with her well-known jog,
The terror of chickens and joy of the dog.

Cheeks full of dimples, eyes full of fun,
And a smile as bright as the morning sun,
A voice as winsome as any song
And as full of glee as the day is long.

A child of two summers, and yet I ween
She is dearer to me than all children have been,
For her sweet childish graces and innocent airs
Have completely conquered my heart unawares.

For often my hours of gloom and despair
Have been lightened and brightened when she was there,
And many a mean and cynical mood,
By her merry prattle was changed and subdued.

Or when I have been heartsick and seeking for rest,
With some new frolic charmed I've forgotten my quest,
And oft as she brightened the way that I trod,
She has seemed to me as an angel of God.

Sick of the city, its jars and its din,
Sick of the hate, the deceit and the sin,
I think of the games we two children have played,
The gladness we shared and the fun that we made.

And to-night, as I write, I can fancy I see
Her smile of delight as she greeted me,
Riding gay in her wagon all fearless of harm—
The mistress of all and queen of the farm.

SAM GREENWOOD.

Al Fresco.

Maiden with the supple arms,
All thy graces, all thy charms,
Here I sing,
Thou art merry, agile, spry,
Airy like a butterfly
On the wing.

From my window day by day
Unto thee my fond eyes stray,
Such a form
In artistic outlines cast,
Would, I'm sure, a stoic fast
Take by storm.

Thou art not one I know,
Fragile, dainty, weak and slow,
Overmuch
Like the vase that she displays,
Made to look at and to praise,
Not to touch.

Thou hast such a wondrous air,
When thine eyelids ope, my fair,
And then droop,
That with quite unconscious art
Thou dost quickly tie my heart
In a loop.

But thou turn'st the other way,
When to thee my eyes do stray
All the while—
Ah, love's lessons thou'll not learn,
So I have to sit and yearn
For thy smile.

Yes, I have to be content
To sit here in banishment,
(Youth ill-starred,)
Seeing thee in pretty pose
Beat the mat or hang the clothes
In the yard!

NATHAN M. LEVY in the *Jury*.

Life Made Easy.

Know what you're expected to say
And then say it,
Know how to feel
And how not to betray it,
Be all things to all men
And true to yourself,
Grow gracefully old
And don't get on the shelf—
Learn how to live
By the time you must die,
You can't do all this
But brace up and try.

E. V. SHERIDAN.

Noted People.

The Prince of Wales has cut himself down to three cigars a day and ten cigarettes.

According to Sir Edwin Arnold, Edgar A. Poe and Joaquin Miller are the two American poets who are sure to live forever.

The Duke of Connaught is timed to arrive in Canada, from Japan, towards the end of May next, and arrangements have been made for a month's stay in the Dominion.

The youngest millionaire in New York, if not in the world, is Marshall Roberts, son of the late Marshall O. Roberts, who is worth $5,000,000, and only ten years old.

King Humbert's express wish the Italian Government is about to establish in New York and Brooklyn four Italian schools, where will be taught the English and Italian languages.

The recumbent statue of the Emperor Frederick for his tomb has been finished in the clay by Prof. Begas of Berlin. Frederick is clad in the cuirassier uniform and lies in his cloak on a plain sarcophagus. The hands are crossed on the breast and hold a laurel wreath and the hilt of a sword.

Two beautiful women who graced the French throne loved violets above all flowers—Josephine and Eugenie. Napoleon, too, admired the fragrant purple blossoms, devoting much time to their culture in St. Helena, and when his coffin was borne to France it was massed with violets.

The Emperor William differs from Bismarck upon the proper course to pursue in internal affairs, and the Prince strongly objected to the Imperial speech from the throne. The Emperor holds his own opinion and daily confers with prominent members of the various government groups, and announces, too, that he will visit the Danish court in the spring.

Mr. George William Curtis recently expressed in print the opinion that the chief object of what he calls "the great newspaper of to day" is not to report the news, but to influence people's minds; and that it is an unfair and dishonest advocate, which habitually exaggerates, perverts, ignores or ridicules the facts, in order to suit its purposes and to bolster its arguments.

The Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Salisbury, lives in a plain, flat, red building, partly overgrown with ivy and very unpretentious in general appearance. He loves greatly to play the villager, and his habits are of the simplest kind: he does not even smoke. But he is very proud of his large and well-chosen library; and woe betide any one who, after using a book, fails to restore it to its appointed place.

An English gentleman, who is a great collector of antiquities and letters, has in his possession a letter written by his Majesty King George III., a reply to a plea made on behalf of one condemned to be hanged for some trifling cause, as was customary in those days. "The excuse you urged," said his Majesty, "is not an uncommon one under similar circumstances, and I can only reply, let justice take its course."

It is with universal pleasure that the reports of continued improvement in the health of His Majesty the King of Spain are read throughout the whole of Europe. There is always strong sympathy with the sufferings of children, and a special sentiment attaches itself to this child king, on whose life so much depends. The royal boy, from his utterances and taking ways, must be a lovable little fellow. His mother fairly idolizes him, and during his illness has never relaxed her watch.

Mr. Gladstone's literary activity seems to be insatiable. He will soon have to have a magazine all to himself, especially as his old and forgotten contributions are discovered to have capacity for running magazines that reprint them into a third edition. *Merry England* is but the pioneer of many other magazines in this respect. Mr. Gladstone finds the publications of one world insufficient, and he is becoming as regular a contributor to the *North American* as he is to the *Nineteenth Century*.

Lady Louisa Bruce, a collateral descendant of King Robert the Bruce, lately unveiled in the Abbey Church, Dunfermline, Scotland, a handsome monumental brass over the tomb of that brave and unhappy monarch, whose remains were discovered in a vault beneath the church in 1818, after their resting-place had been forgotten for centuries. It would seem a somewhat tardy remembrance, after five hundred years of indifference, to set up a brass to the memory of the man who won the battle of Bannockburn, who forced the haughty Edward to acknowledge the independence of Scotland, and from whose veins came the blood of the houses of Stuart and Brunswick.

Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter, wears the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and M. Peyrol, her brother-in-law, now tells us how the distinction was gained. The Empress asked for it for the artist, but the request could not be granted. The cross had never been given to a woman, and the ministers protested against a precedent. But the Empress bided her time till the following year, when, during the absence of the Emperor in Algeria, she acted as regent. One morning a servant hurriedly entered Rosa Bonheur's studio with the announcement that the Empress was below. In another minute she was in the studio borrowing a pin from one of her ladies. The Empress then kissed the artist, who, glancing down, saw the Cross of the Legion of Honor pinned on her breast.

Mr. Vernon Smith, C. E., who died a fortnight ago in Ottawa, was once divisional superintendent on one of the great English railways. An interesting incident in connection with his life is now related. In her journey to and from Scotland, Queen Victoria traveled by the road with which Mr. Smith was connected. It was the custom for each divisional superintendent to take an engine and run over his division ahead of the royal train, to see that no obstructions were on the track. Once the engine of the royal train broke down in a tunnel. A dense fog hung over the entrance, and danger threatened the sovereign's life. Signals were set as soon as possible, and the affair was hushed so quickly and effectually that few people in England knew of the narrow escape of Her Majesty the Queen.

A Gleam From a Glacier.

We had rolled along together, this little American and myself, from the St. Lawrence to the Selkirks. We had seen the quaintness of Quebec, the sombre magnificence of that sounding sea, Superior, the tangle of northern woods, the billowy sea of prairie grasses rolling in long undulations from Winnipeg to Wonderland, a sea that bears upon its far-reaching breast, not stately ships, but "prairie schooners"; a sea with no hidden rocks, with no ports but imports and exports, but a sea nevertheless, for no word applies better—it is a sea of wind-swept grasses and bending grain. We had traversed like pilgrims in spirit to that great gateway, the Gap, and passed its frowning portal unchallenged and entered the Canadian Paradise, where the Great Giver of all good has reared temples prodigious to prove his power and piled mountain marvels in vast succession, where every ravine might well be a cathedral and every soaring peak an altar; where man might come and be impressed, and, throwing aside his worldly shackles, his endless scheming, his business toils and troubles, find rest and health and strength, and forget for once himself in the shadow of these eternal tokens of a power that toiled for his good, that reared this stately array of colossal monuments and beautified this Canadian land until its like cannot be found upon the globe.

We had climbed up and up until we were poised upon the shoulders of a continent; we had passed the lofty summit, descended, and climbed again, seeing scenes too numerous to be kept distinct, and too lovely for pen or tongue to describe with justice, and now we were about to see one of the crowning glories of all—one of the wonders of the world. It was a strange journey we took. We sat side by side upon the head of our tireless steed with naught to impede a perfect view of the glorious course he ran. Before, an ever-changing panorama of frowning rocks and many-tinted foliage, of vast ravines shrouded in vague purple vapors or wreathed with snowy mists, dim, ghostly haunts wherein one's fancy might picture the homes of mountain sprite and weird unknown things. Below great fractures in the bed-rock, chinks in the Titanic foundation-work of the world, where captive torrents growled hoarsely and leaped and plunged in savage efforts to be free. Above, majestic pinnacles of cold gray rocks, thrust darkly through the scroll of clouds and showing clear and sharp against the farther blue in the sunshine above the storm-path. Standing silently imperious above the gusty blasts and hurried changes below, like seers of old seemingly in touch with distant worlds; seen sage and hoary, seeing clearer in the brighter air, calm and unshaken by lower things. Or like the figures of age steadfastly raised, silently waiting and pointing the heavenward way. Behind, the steam and smoke and serpent like length of the heavily-freighted train, winding and writhing and twisting like some living thing as it struggled on its curving way along the mountain sides. We were ahead of noise and all, we could feel the laboring throb of our mighty courser, its tireless striving at the ascents, its deep, strong breathing and fierce strength, until it seemed to thrill with generous life, until its throbbing seemed the beating of a gigantic heart and this thing that thrust us so smoothly and rapidly through the fresh sweet atmosphere, was no creation of man's but a living breathing creature. We felt like little children lifted up by friendly arms that we might have a better view of some superb painting and task our baby minds to grasp what was thus made closer and plainer and see what we could but guess at from our own small level. Gliding around a deep valley and almost doubling upon our course, we presently rounded a sudden curve and our iron steed halted. We dismounted feeling that we were deserting a friend indeed.

"Americus, did it strike you that engine appeared alive?"

"It is alive."

Before us was a smooth shaved green lawn with trim gravel paths and fountains spouting high on right and left. Behind us was the foamy Illecillewaet River, an infant born of glaciers less than two miles away, a lusty loud-voiced mountain child, just old enough to make a tumult. The air was filled with the freshness of torrents, with the roar of swift waters and the tinkle of falling drops, and half hid by a rainbow mist was a pretty little chalet, a fragment of city taste, a scrap of modern fashion conjured by the wizard money from the distant East and perched there in the wilds alone, a resting-place for wealth, a lodging for fashionable pilgrims to this latter day Mecca.

Shall I attempt to describe that valley? Imagine an immense V-shaped cleft, its sides sheer mountain steeps, its base just broad enough to yield room for the rushing river and the railway. Upon what approaches a level and up the steeps as high as they dare venture are silent phalanxes of firs, rank upon rank, tier upon tier, dark and voiceless, unshaken by the winds that sweep the bare crests away above, halted and waiting like an army at attention, awaiting an order to advance that never comes. Here and there, from summits to bases, the mountains are scarred and the particolored rocks show bare in great stripes. These are the tracks of avalanches; these are where the round shot and shells of ice, fired from above the clouds, struck and plowed their way through the green clad battalions, where the white hosts of the snow charged down, sweeping everything before them, leaving not one vestige of vegetation in their track and piling thousands of trees in splintered ruins beyond the living wall of green that kindly hides the dead have felt the frost, and over all is spread a gauzy curtain of haze, that screening mask that Nature has granted the dying Indian summer, so that we need not realize the end is near nor witness the gradual decay too clearly. Wonderful shadows stretch across this narrow vale, creeping hither and thither as clouds cross the zenith, or marking the sun's progress as the day runs on. It is a dream of beauty where a dreamer can revel in poesy to his soul's satiety. But the softness has a stern limit to its upward reach. Beyond this loveliness is grandeur overpowering. Away above the mists and velvet-footed creeping shadows, above the last daring stunted fir, tower the grim guardians of this treasure. Grandest of all of them is Sir Donald, a magnificent monolith soaring over a mile and a half above the railway. Sir Donald is in excellent company for Cheops, Ross' Peak and kindred giants are close at hand, and in the distance the snowy peaks of the Hermit Range and Roger's Pass, a portal wrought by Nature's hand, that man might see this faultless valley. Looking west the shining steels were lost in the rounding of the famous "Loop," looking east— Ah! looking east.

There was the spectacle of spectacles, the sight we had paused to see, the great Asulkan Glacier, the ice-king of the Selkirks!

We got alpenstocks and started up the mile and a half trail, I in shooting togs, cords from head to foot, and heavy boots, the little son of Uncle Sam garbed in purple and fine linen, patent leathers and plug hat. It was a smart walk, though the way is easy enough, even for ladies, and I swung along merrily for I was eager to reach the marvel. At last we paused by the grand fore-foot of the ice-monarch and I realized what the glacier meant. The roar of the Illecillwaet filled our ears as it raged beneath our feet; around us were the haunts of shy mountain goat and savage bear, we were in the stronghold of the grizzly and his cousins plantigrade. The diminutive American was filled with wonder and indulged in extravagant outbursts of admiration, vowing that the Yosemite and Yellowstone paled into utter insignificance before this crowning triumph, this masterpiece of Nature's handiwork. And well he might, for 'twas a scene well calculated to fill one's mind with awe. From our very feet to the snowclad peaks above us was one tremendous mass of ice. A river solidified, the St. Lawrence in ice, a river halted in a sheer descent, bound forever on that dangerous incline, an awful power checked in its downward rush and manacled there to the mountain side—a fragment of the Beginning—to endure unto the End! Æons and æons ago the surrounding peaks were thrust upward in some amazing convulsion, tearing their way through the glacial covering and bearing upwards in their rise this frozen fragment grasped in a stony hand, the fingers mountain peaks, the palm a valley. From that enduring grasp this token of what was will never escape, it is there and there to stay. Looking at it I strove vainly to grasp what it signified, strove to pierce the gloom of centuries and realize what it had seen. Could it but speak! What might it not reveal of the world's youth and growth, of the strange war of forces, of vegetation extinct, of the very formation of earth's present surface, of the battle between night and light, of rude forms of primitive life, of those frightful gigantic creatures, the pre-historic brutes whose bones amaze us to-day. Yea! even of that awful first-breaking, when the plowshare was shaped from silvery ice, when the furrows were valleys and mountains and reached across continents. We stood and gazed at this plowshare in mute wonder, we saw its huge furrow, a "morraine" of high piled rounded bowlders and masses of rock forming a breastwork behind which a regiment might fight in safety. We scanned its calm cold face, seamed by time and scarred by the warring of ages of opposing forces, we saw the plow and its work and thought of "Who held it," and we felt the impressive influence of our surroundings and yielded that homage due to a fragment of Eternity, an illustration of a power that passes understanding. Strange, groaning, grinding sounds came from it, for its fetters, though secure, do not hold it altogether motionless. Onward and downward it creeps as it has ever done, straining over its alloted number of inches, never altogether yielding, never slacking its fight for freedom. An indescribable sense of awe comes over you in the presence of this frozen thing that defies time. We felt its icy breath on our faces; we heard its groaning and dull, faint sounds of struggling waters that raged and fought their way from its very heart to the stream beside us, and as we heard we thrilled with wonder tinged with fear. For how many centuries has it hung there captive, straining its bands in an unceasing forward effort, ever striving and waiting to be freed? How many months, years or ages must it wait ere the shackles are broken and that frightful force is released to plunge down on its path of destruction? What if it started now? What if it parted at that immense curve with which it bends from the peaks to the steep descent—a curve to which it seems impossible that ice could be bent without parting? It makes one's flesh creep to think of it.

I looked up to the flashing fragments gleaming with countless prismatic tints where the grind is fiercest as the ice-torrent bends from the heights, and vowed to climb it. The little American would have none of it, but volunteered to wait two hours. Up the forefoot I went, sounding the ice carefully for dangerous places, for a slip might mean an everlasting tomb in some emerald cave. For two hours I climbed steadily up, sometimes walking, sometimes creeping, sometimes halting, until at last I reached a barrier which could not be passed save by a bird. Here was piled a chaotic collection of spheres and cubes of cleanest ice. From the ground they appeared but particles, when reached they were masses of many tons weight. The sun had forsaken the deeper valley, but I caught him again ere pausing for the last time, and that view alone was worth the toil. The American was invisible, he was too far away. An insane notion seized me, and sitting astride the stout alpenstock I thrust my feet wide apart and well ahead and started down. I went down! Down, down, faster and faster, sliding and jarring over the rough and gliding swiftly down long polished reaches, an animated three-legged toboggan and a fool if you will for taking the chances. The wild excitement of the joyous flight made me forget dangers and all, and I yelled from sheer delight as the speed increased. My boot-heels rasped and scraped ahead and the iron point of the alpenstock rang louder and louder as I drove it harder against the surface, but mishap or no, the slide was worth the peril. Once I swerved from my chosen course and fairly gasped as I heard a hollow sound below. What if I crashed through some treacherous shell like glass, into a water cave a mile deep? But it was crossed too quickly for thought, and on I slid to the last great terrace and down to earth again, too tired to stand.

The son of Uncle Sam was jubilant.

"Say, partner, that's just about the dodrattest job I ever saw a man tackle. My, you came a-whoopin'. I thought you were falling when I saw that black speck break away, then I caught onto your game and timed you. Just ten minutes coming down."

The short twilight was closing ere I was rested. I could feel the jarring for hours after, but I had slid down the Great Glacier. We turned to go, then faced about for one last look. 'Twas well we did. The shadows were piling in the valley and climbing swiftly up the ice-plane hiding its brilliance. Suddenly through a fissure in the crest of a distant range shot a great golden ray of light, piercing the shadows and striking full on the glacier's crest. It seemed like a gleaming arrow shot from a loophole in the huge grey fortress, sticking fast to the frozen target and turning every point and facet to dazzling jewels, till they blazed with many-tinted splendor as though the gems of the world were all piled in careless heaps—a mountain of emerald. It lasted but a moment, then paled as suddenly as it appeared. It was the sun's last salute, the day was done and the glacier lay a pale, lifeless thing stretched on a velvet bier.

ED. W. SANDYS.

A Matter of Adjustment.

Yes, it had to be admitted, he was gloomy and unfitted for the drain required to measure to occasions as they rise;
For on every sheet of paper, by a hyper-nervous caper, came a face of mournful sweetness with an April in the eyes.

April eyes with April weather, sunny smiles and tears together, moods amazing, sweet, capricious, all that ravish us or vex.—

These, in every phase inviting, laughed or languished through his writing; for he'd left in tears that morning just the sweetest of the sex.

True, the bee had sipped the clover; true, the honeymoon was over; but the dews of dawns succeeding had new richness for his lips:

So it wasn't incompleteness, nor the loss of surfeit sweetness; for the brooklet isn't emptied when the feathered rover dips.

No, the deeps were still unsounded, the horizon yet unbounded; 'twas a matter of adjustment that had gone awry a bit,—

An attempt at self-assertion,—a laborious exertion to explain a crude position with a cruder lack of wit.

There were habits he depicted, that he didn't want restricted; nothing villanous or vital; all he wanted was his way.
And with matters thus adjusted, all their intercourse, he trusted, would be roses, dew, and glamour in a never-ending May.

Did she catch his meaning? "Surely," said his little wife, demurely. "You're to mix your cakes and kisses with a little ancient ale:

My desires must be in keeping with your——" Here she fell to weeping, and he had to leave her comforless, for words had no avail.

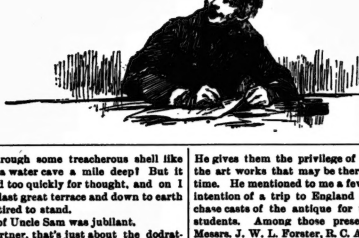
* * * * * * * * * * * *

So you see his thoughts and phrases had to take abnormal phases; it was natural to conjure out of vacancy a face;
Right enough this incompleteness——"Hem!" a voice of witching sweetness; then a pair of arms were folded round his neck in soft embraces.

"George,"—the word had music in it,—"don't turn round, dear, for a minute; I will try to catch the wisdom of your logic if I can;
But I always thought adjusting came from patience, yield'ng, trusting; then I didn't know how hard it was for one to be a man.

"So, if yielding is your weakness, I will bear it, dear, with meekness; but I've thought of one condition——" "So have I," he murmured, "too."
And he added, in contrition, "I agree to this condition,—that if ever I'm inclined to yield, 'twill be, my dear, to you."

"Splendid!" cooed his angel, sweetly. "If you yield, then yield completely; and there hasn't been a moment quite so opportune as this."
Then he quickly turned and faced her, and because it rhymes—embraced her; then, unmindful of the office-boy, she gave her slave a kiss.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*



Art and Artists.

The first meeting of the Toronto Architectural Sketching Club was held in their new rooms last week, when a number of clever sketches for An Entrance were exhibited for competition. Mr. Charles Lennox occupied the chair. The critic of the evening was Mr. Frank Darling, R.C.A., whose just and gentlemanly criticisms and quaint witticisms won many plaudits from the members. The successful ones were Ernest Wilby 1st, J. A. Radford 2nd. At the next meeting, February 11, Mr. Gambier Bonsfield, A.R.I.B.A., will give a paper on Different Styles of Gothic. The balance of the evening will be devoted to time sketching. All their artist friends are invited. Mr. J. W. L. Forster, on the evening of February 25 will lecture to the Sketch Club on the Study of the Antique. Mr. Thompson of the Toronto Art Gallery has made a generous offer of a room for a small consideration to this society, with the advantage of perusing all the art magazines and leading periodicals of the day. He gives them the privilege of copying any of the art works that may be there from time to time. He mentioned to me a few days ago his intention of a trip to England shortly to purchase casts of the antique for the use of the students. Among those present I observed Messrs. J. W. L. Forster, R. C. A., A. F. Wickson, Geo. Harper, W. R Gregg, J. A. Radford, E. B. Jarvis, Ernest Wilby and C. J. Gibson. The subject for next competition is A Country Railway Station.

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The monthly business meeting of the Art Students' League was held on Tuesday evening in their rooms in the Imperial Bank building. A number of new members were elected. It was decided to divide honorary members into two classes—viz., those who wished to sketch from the model occasionally and those who merely wished to be connected with the League without working. The former will be charged an annual fee of five dollars. On account of the necessity of having to vacate their present quarters in a short time the League appointed a committee to find suitable rooms, but up to the time of writing no place had been selected. An interesting discussion took place on composition sketches.

Men's Women.

To begin with, she is old enough to know her world thoroughly; yet, though she need never have been beautiful she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over intellectual; she would not speak Greek, even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every being with the outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best, and she contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, and grows sympathetic as she listens. Has he a special weakness? she half tempts him to believe it is a virtue. An adept in the subtlest forms of flattery, she would force the meanest of us to shine even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature's book. She respects convention, knowing well when she may venture to be unconventional; yet she is unapproachable and irreproachable. In return, he adores her. —From "The Point of View," in February *Scribner.*

Professional Jealousy.

Milkman, with concern—Did the milk left yesterday taste of water, mum?

Housekeeper—I didn't notice any different taste.

Milkman (with a breath of relief)—I've got a new boy, who has been workin' for that milk dealer round the corner, mum; an' I thought p'raps, while I wasn't lookin', he might have forgot hisself an' put water in it."

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Vane was thinking aloud rather than addressing Sabina; but that was what generally had an answer ready, and was not disposed to be ignored.

"Miss Vane's fond of her uncle," she said drily, "and did not want perhaps to vex him. Besides"—her voice dropped suddenly—"they tell me she's fond of the child."

Flossy did not seem to hear; she was revolving other matters in her mind.

"Do you think," she said presently, "that Miss Enid has told the rector? She has seen a good deal of him lately."

"No, I don't; I should have heard of it before now if she had," replied Sabina drily. "He don't mince matters and he's got it into his head that I ought to be reformed, and that I've something on my mind. That's why I want to get to Whitminster."

"Go farther away than Whitminster," said Mrs. Vane suddenly; "go to London, and I'll give you the money you ask—two hundred pounds a year."

"Will you! Well, I'm not ill disposed to go to London. One could live there very comfortable, I'm sure say, on two hundred a year. But how am I to know if you'll pay it? Give me a bit of writing—"

"Not a word—not a line! You need not be afraid. I'll keep my promise if I have to sell my jewels to do it; and the general does not ask me what I do with my money. I'll pay, say, Sabina, I may have an income of my own; and then—then it shall be better for you as well as for me."

Her tone and manner had grown silky and caressing. Miss Meldreth looked hard at her, as if suspecting that this sudden sugary sweetness covered some ill design; but she read nothing but thoughtful serenity in Mrs. Vane's fair face.

"When the general's dead, you mean? Well, that's as it may be. But I can't wait for that, you know, ma'am. He's strong and well, and may live for twenty years to come. I want my affairs settled now.

"Very well. Go to London, send me your address, and you shall have the fifty pounds as soon as you are settled there."

"That won't quite do, Mrs. Vane. I want something down for traveling and removing expenses. I have some bills to settle before I can leave the village.

"You must be terribly extravagant!" said Flossy bitterly. "I gave you thirty pounds at Christmas. Will ten pounds do?"

"Twenty would be better."

"I haven't twenty. I do not know where to get them. You must be content with ten."

"Ten won't do," said Sabina obstinately.

Mrs. Vane made a gesture of impatience.

"Reach me that jewel box over there," she said. "Yes; bring it close—I have the key. Here are two five pound notes. And here—take this ring, this bracelet—they are worth far more than ten pounds—get what you can for them."

"I'd rather have the money," said Sabina; "but, if I must put up with this, I must. I'll be off in a couple of days."

"You had better not tell any one beforehand that you are going. Some people might—think it their duty to interfere."

"All right—I'll keep quiet, don't you fear, ma'am! Well, then, that's settled. If I go to London, you'll send me the fifty pound a quarter. And it must be regular, if you please—else I'll have to come down here after it."

"You will not have to do that," said Mrs. Vane, coldly.

"Very well. Then I'll say good-bye to you, ma'am. Hope you will get safely through your troubles; but it seems to me that you're in an uncommon risky position."

"And, if I am," said Flossy, with sudden anger, "whose fault is it but yours?"

Sabina shrugged her shoulders and did not seem to think it worth while to reply. She walked to the door, and left herself out without another look or word.

She knew her way about Beechfield Hall perfectly well; and it was perhaps a little strange that she turned down a passage that led past the nursery door. The door was open, and Master Dick was drawing a chair and cart up and down the smooth boards of the corridor. It was his favorite playing place on a summer evening. He stopped short when he saw Sabina, and looked at her with observant eyes.

"This isn't your way, you know," he said, facing her gravely. "This passage leads to my room and Enid's room, not to the kitchens; and you belong to the kitchens, don't you?"

Sabina stopped and eyed him strangely. She looked at his delicate sharp-featured little face, at his fair hair and blue eyes, at the dainty neatness of his apparel and the costly toy which he held in his hands. Her own bold eyes softened as she looked. She half knelt down and held out her arms.

"Will you kiss me once, dearie, before I go away?"

Dick looked at her wondering. Then he came and put his little arms around her neck and kissed her once, twice, thrice.

"Don't cry," he said; "I didn't know you were so nice and kind. But, you see, I've only seen you in the shop."

"You won't see me in the shop any more. I'm going away," said Sabina, utterly forgetful of her promise to Mrs. Vane.

"Are you?" said Dick. "Oh, then won't there be any more sweeties in your windows? Or will some one else sell them?"

"Some one else, I expect. That's all that children care for!" cried Sabina, springing to her feet. "He's got no heart!"

Turning her face suddenly, she saw that there had been a spectator of the little scene—a spectator at the sight of whom Sabina Meldreth turned deadly white. Miss Vane stood at the nursery door. She had been sitting there, and had heard Sabina's words and poor little Dick's innocent reply.

"You are wrong," she said gravely, with her eyes intent on Sabina's pale distorted face. "He has a heart—he is very loving and gentle. But you cannot expect him to love you when he does not know you. If he ever he knew you better, he would—perhaps—love you more."

This speech, uttered quite gently and even pitifully, had a curious effect upon Sabina. She burst into tears, and turned away, hiding her face and sobbing as she went.

Enid stood for a moment in the doorway, holding the doorpost by one hand, and sadly watching the retreating figure until it disappeared. Then Dick pulled at her dress.

"Cousin Enid, why does Sabina cry? And why did she want to kiss me? Was she angry or sorry, or what?"

"Sorry; I think, dear," said Enid, as she went back to her seat.

She drew Dick upon her knee and caressed him tenderly for a few moments; but Dick felt, to his surprise, that the kisses she bestowed on him were mingled with tears.

"Cousin Enid, why do you cry too?"

But all she answered was—

"Oh, Dick, Dick—my poor little Dick—I hope you will never—never know!" Which poor little Dick could not understand.

Hubert Lepel arrived on the following day. He had not been to Beechfield Hall for some weeks, and he seemed to be set of incumbent upon him to make up to Enid for his long absence by presents and compliments; for he had brought her a beautiful bracelet, and was unusually profuse in his expressions of regard and admiration. And yet Enid seemed scarcely so pleased as a young girl in similar circumstances ought to have seemed. Indeed she shrank a little from private conversation with him, and looked harassed and troubled.

It was perhaps in consequence of this fact that three days after his arrival Hubert sought a private interview with his sister. Flossy had meanwhile not spoken a word; she had been watching and waiting for those three days.

"Florence, I am inclined to think that you were mistaken."

"So am I," thought Flossy to herself; but aloud she only asked, "Why, dear?" with perfect tranquility.

"About Enid. I—I am beginning to think that she doesn't much care." He said the last words slowly, with his eyes on the tip of his boot.

"I am sure you are mistaken," said Flossy quietly. "But she is not demonstrative, and—well, I may as well say it to you—she has taken this idea in her head—something about me—about the past."

She faltered skilfully; but she kept her eyes on Hubert's face, and saw that it wore a guilty look.

"Well, Flossy, you are right," he said. "She has heard something—village talk, I suppose—and I cannot get her to tell me what it is."

"She means perhaps to tell some one else?" said Mrs. Vane, with bitterness.

"No, I believe not. She has no wish to harm you, poor child, although she thinks that the general ought not to be deceived. However, I persuaded her to abandon that idea, showing her that it was not her duty to tell a thing that would so utterly destroy his happiness." Florence turned away her head. "I felt myself a villain, Flossy, and spoke gravely, "in counselling her to stifle her conscientious scruples, Florence; but, for your sake and your husband's sake, I pleaded with her, and prevailed on her to keep silence—she will tell no one but myself after our marriage."

"You had better look out lest her open the subject with you at all. It will only be productive of unhappiness." Flossy discerned the entanglement at once—she saw that Hubert meant one thing and Enid another; but out of their cross-purposes she divined a way of keeping the girl silent. "For my sake, Hubert, don't discuss any terrible secrets between us. That good would it do? Promise me that, when you are married, you will not let her speak of it—even to you." She shuddered as she spoke.

"Poor Flossy!" said Hubert, laying his hand on her arm. "Don't grieve, dear! I have no right to say anything, have I? Yes, I promise you I will not let her say a word about the matter, either now or afterwards, if I can help it, and certainly to no one beside myself."

And with this promise Flossy feigned contentment. But, when Hubert had left her, she paced up and down the room with cheeks that flamed with excitement and eyes that glowed with the dull red light of rage.

"What was I thinking about to bring this engagement to pass?" she said to herself. "Yet, after all, it is better so. Hubert has a reason for silencing her; with any other man, she would have the matter out in a trice, and ruin me. Now what is the next move? To delay the marriage, of course. I will come round presently to his opinion on this point, and uphold him in his determination not to allow the marriage for at least two years. So Enid says that she will not betray me until she is married, does she? Then she will never have the chance; for a great deal may happen—to a delicate girl like Enid Vane—in two long years."

CHAPTER XXV.

Hubert had been worried and overworked of late; it had appeared to him a good thing that he should spend a few days at Beechfield, at Beechfield, and try to recover in the society of his sister and his betrothed the serenity that he had lost. This seemed rather a silly or easy thing to do. He was annoyed to find himself irritated by small matters; his equanimity, usually perfect, was soon ruffled; and, although he did not always let his irritation overload of vexation, he felt that his temper was not quite under his own control. And it was Enid, curiously enough, who irritated him most.

"Who is this new singer," she asked one day, "about whom people are talking so much?"

"My dear Enid, how am I to know which singer you mean?" he said, letting the newspaper drop from his hand and clasping his hands leisurely behind his head. "There are so many new singers!"

They had been having tea under the beech tree, and, as usual, had been left alone to do their love-making undisturbed. Their love-making was of a very undemonstrative character. Enid sat in one comfortable basket chair, Hubert in another, at a yard's distance. Their conversation went on in fragments, interspersed by long pauses filled up by an orchestra of birds in the beeches overhead.

"I do not remember her name exactly," said Enid. "The Tollemaches were talking about her yesterday; they had her to town last week. 'Cynthia' something—'Cynthia,' I remember that, because it is such an uncommon name."

"I suppose you mean Miss Cynthia West," said Hubert, after a very long pause.

"Yes, 'Cynthia West'—that was the name. Have you heard her!"

"Yes."

"And do you think her very wonderful?"

"She is a remarkably fine singer."

"Oh, I hope we shall hear her when we next go up to London! Aunt Leo wants me to stay with her."

"That will be very nice!" said Hubert, bestirring himself a little. "Then you will hear all the novelties. But I would not go just yet if I were you. London has not begun to wake up again after its winter sleep."

"What a horrible place it must be!" said Enid, with a little shiver.

"You think so! It is my home."

There was an accent in his voice which impressed Enid painfully. She clasped her hands rather tightly together in her lap, and said, after another pause, in a lower tone—

"I dare say I should grow fond of it if I lived there."

"As you will do, in time," said Hubert, with a smile. "You must try to believe that you will soon be as absorbed in town life as every other woman; that concerts and theatres and balls will make up for green fields and the songs of birds; that men are more interesting than books and flowers; that to shop and gossip are livelier occupations than visiting the poor and teaching little Dick. Don't you think you can imagine it?"

She shook her head.

"I can't imagine it; but if I had to do it, I would try. I don't think your picture is very attractive, if I may say so, Hubert."

"Don't you, dear? Why not?"

"It sounds so unreal. Do women pass their lives in that feverish, rapid way?"

"Not all of them, of course. There are women who have work to do," said Hubert, looking idly into the distance, as if he were thinking of some one or something that he could not see.

"Oh, yes, I know—working women—professional women—women," said Enid, with an innocent smile, "like Cynthia West."

Hubert gave a slight start, then, to cover it, he changed his position, bending his arms down and crossing them on his breast.

"You might tell me what she is like," continued Enid, with more playfulness of manner than she generally showed. "You tell me so little about London people! Is she handsome?"

"Yes, very."

"Dark or fair?"

"Very dark."

"Is she an Englishwoman?" pursued Enid.

"I am sure I don't know. I never asked."

"You know her then?"

"What makes you ask all these questions?" said Hubert, as if he had not heard the last. "Who has put Miss West into your head in this way?" He looked annoyed.

Enid at once put out a caressing hand.

"I did not mean to be too inquisitive, Hubert dear. But the Tollemaches are very musical, and they were talking a great deal about her. They said they saw you at the concert when she came out—some Italian teacher's semi private concert—and they seemed to think that you knew the whole set of people who were there."

Mentally Hubert made some uncharitable remarks on the future destiny of the Tollemaches; but he controlled himself so far as to answer coolly:

"I know several of that set, certainly. I know Miss West a little."

"How delightful!" cried Enid. "I should like to meet some of these great artists. Will you ever be able to introduce me to her, do you think, Hubert?"

"I think not," said Hubert, knitting his brows. He did not find himself able to turn the subject quite as easily as he could have wished.

"Isn't she nice?" hazarded Enid doubtfully. "I always fancy that the people who sing and act in public can't be quite as nice as the people who stay in their own home-circle. I know that you will think me very narrow-minded to say so, but I can't help it."

"I am afraid that I do think you narrow-minded," said Hubert quietly, but with a dangerous lighting of his eyes. "You must surely know that some of these singers are good, as noble, as women as any of your sheltered young ladies in their home circles who have not genius enough to make themselves talked of by the world!"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so!" said Enid, quite unconscious of the storm that she was exciting in Hubert's breast. "I dare say they are good, and that they prefer a public life to a private one. Do you think they really like appearing on the stage?"

"I am sure they do," said Hubert, with a short laugh. "You cannot understand it as yet, I suppose; you will understand it by-and-by. It would be a very poor look-out for a novelist and playwright like myself, Enid, if every one thought as you do."

And then he got up and walked to meet the general, who was approaching the tea-table, and, as the two were soon deep in political matters, Enid presently slipped away unobserved.

She felt vaguely that she had vexed or disappointed her lover; she knew the tones of his voice well enough to know that he spoke a way she had said what he did not approve. And yet, on reflection, she could not see that she had given him legitimate cause of offence. She knew that he did not agree with her in preferring country to town, or in thinking that women who sang in public were not quite of her class; but she did not think he ought to be angry with her for expressing her views. He perplexed her very much by his moments of irritation, of coldness, and of reserve. In all times he was certainly very different. He could be most tender, though always with the tenderness of a grown man to a child, of a strong person towards a weak one—and this was a kind of tenderness which did not satisfy Enid's heart. Sometimes indeed she was thankful that it was so; feeling as if any great display of affection on his part would be overwhelming, out of place; but at other times she felt that his calm kindness was almost an insult to the woman whom he had asked to be his wife. A little while back she would not have thought so—she would have been well content with his behavior; but a new factor had come into her life since her engagement to Hubert Lepel, some new and agitating consciousness of power had dawned upon her, with a revelation of faculties and influences to which she had hitherto been a stranger; and, in perusal of these new-found pages of discoveries, Hubert was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Meanwhile Hubert was as uncomfortable as a man could well be. He had always meant to be faithful and tender to Enid—for whom, as he had said, he would do anything in his power to save her from unpleasantness; but never had he found the task more difficult than he had dreamed. He had seen her first as a sweet, docile, pliable creature, ready to be led, ready to be taught, and he had meant to mould her to his will. But, lo and behold, the girl was not really pliable at all! She had a distinct character and individuality of her own, as different from any ideal of Hubert's as ice from fire. Her inability to appreciate the artistic side of life—as he put it to himself—her dislike to the great one with whom lay her interests, lay—these were traits which troubled him out of proportion to their intrinsic worth. How he could be happy with a woman who differed from him so entirely in habit, taste and training? He forgot for a moment that he had asked her to marry him in order that she might be made happier—that he had solemnly put aside from himself all thought of personal joy. But human nature is weak, and renunciation not always pleasant. It occurred to him, as he said now that she was convinced that her "dear Richard" was perfectly right, and the general "a cock a hoop" accordingly, that he need not theaten; you know very well that I have the whole control of the money that would go to her dowry—I need say nothing more." Will he have no marriage talked about—no engagement even—for the present. Mind you, Enid is not engaged to you, Hubert. If she thinks fit to change her mind, she may do so."

"Certainly, sir."

"And if you think fit to change your mind, you may do so too. Nobody wants either of you to marry where you do not love; worst thing in the world!"

"Will this prohibition to be removed?" asked Hubert. "It seems to me a little hard upon—upon us both."

"If Enid is stronger, I will allow her to be engaged in a year's time," said the general, "but not before; and I shall tell her so."

The first time that Hubert found himself alone with Enid he said to her:

"The general seems to have changed his mind about our engagement, Enid."

"Yes, he told me so," she answered meekly. "He says we are not to consider ourselves engaged."—"Yes."

"I am very sorry that he should take that view—"

"Don't be sorry, please!" she said, quickly interrupting him. "I think it is better so."

"Better, Enid?"

"Yes. He says that I am not strong—and it is true. I feel very weak sometimes, not strong enough to bear much. I am afraid. If I were to become an invalid, I should not marry." She spoke gently, but with great resolution.

"That is all a morbid fancy of yours," said Hubert. "You will be better soon. After this summer, the general talks of a winter in the Riviera. That will do you all the good in the world."

"I think not," she answered quietly. "I am afraid that I am not so likely to recover as you think. And, if not, nothing on earth will induce me to marry any man. Remember that, Hubert—if I am not better, I will not marry you. I intend to join the Sisters at East Winstead."

"It is that meddling parson who is at the bottom of this, I'll swear!" said Hubert angrily, quitting her side and pacing about the room. He noticed that at his words the color rose in the girl's pale cheeks.

"If you mean Mr. Evandale," she said, "I can assure you that he has never said a word to me about East Winstead. It is entirely my own wish."

"My dear child," said Hubert, halting in front of her, "the last thing we want is to force your wishes in any direction. If, for instance, you wish to throw me over and be a nun, do so by all means. I only ask you to be true to yourself, and to see that you do not act on impulse, or so as to blight the higher impulses of your nature. I can say no more."

Enid looked at him doubtfully, and seemed inclined to speak; but the entrance of her uncle at that moment put a stop to further conversation, and the subject was not reopened before Hubert's return to town.

"No engagement—free to do as I please." The words hummed themselves in Hubert's ears to the accompaniments of the throbs of the steam engine all the way back to London. What did Enid herself mean? Was it not a fascinating position for a man to be in? Was it fair either to him or to the girl? Did it not mean, as a matter of fact, that Flossy had been mistaken, and that Enid was not in the least in love with him? Was it not clear that she had been especially affectionate of late. Passively gentle, sweet, amiable, she always was, but not demonstrative; was it not clear that the moment Hubert would have given ten years of his life to know what was in her heart—what she really meant, and wished, and felt?

Arrived at Charing Cross station, he seemed uncertain as to his movements. He hesitated when the porter asked him what he should do with his luggage, and gave an order which he afterwards contradicted.

"No," he said, "I won't do that. Put my things on a cab. All right! Drive to No. — Russell square."

This was his home address; but, when there, he did not go upstairs. He told his landlady to send his dinner to his room, and not to expect him back to dinner, as he meant to dine at his club.

He did so; but after dinner his fitful hesitancy seemed to revive. He smoked a cigarette, talked a little to one of his friends, then went out abruptly, and, as it seemed, indecisively into the street, and called a hansom cab. Then his indecision seemed to leave him. He jumped in, shouted an address to the driver, and was driven off to a quiet square in Kensington, where he knocked at the door of a tall narrow house, only noticeable in the daytime by reason of the neatness of its white balcony, and at night for the rose-colored blinds, illuminated by the light of a lamp, in the drawing-room window.

The servant who opened the door welcomed him with a smile, as if his face was well known to her. He passed half a dozen steps of the hall, and ascended upstairs to the first-floor, where he tapped lightly at the drawing-room door, and then, without waiting, walked into the room.

A girl in a red dress, who had been kneeling on the rug before the fire, rose to her feet as he came in and received a blushing greeting.

"At last!" she said. "So here you are, monsieur! I was wondering what had become of you, and thought that you had deserted me altogether!"

"Could I do that?" said Hubert, in a tone in which mock gallantry was strangely mingled with a tenderness which was altogether passionate and earnest. "Do you really think that I ever could do that?"

The girl he spoke to was Cynthia West.

(To be Continued.)

About Kisses.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a kiss "the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet—the love-labial which it takes two to speak plainly." And there can be no more appropriately, either in a literary sense or scientifically, than the witty autocrat. But Sam Slick, the humorist of our grandfathers' days, offered a definition scarcely less apt. He says: "Kisses are like creation, because they are made out of nothing, and are very good." As long been known that a great many things are said by kisses and what a world of things, too, has been said about them. From the time of Jacob and Rachel to our generation, the kiss has been the one unchangeable fashion. It might almost be said to be the badge of humanity and civilization, except that a kiss is not quite universal, for barbarous nations know nothing of it. The Chinese and Japanese were not acquainted with it originally, and so far as they practice kissing at all, have rather borrowed it casually than adopted it.

A story is told of a Chinese girl who was brought up in a convent in her youth, and ran away, thinking he might be a cannibal. When she was told that the osculation was a habit in his and in other countries, she came back and begged for instruction in the art of saying that so little has been written about kissing, didactically, because the knowledge of it "passes from mouth to mouth" has more than one authority behind it. But in poetry, fiction and humor the kiss is omnipresent. Mathematically speaking, the kiss is said to have a substance, as its shape is always a lip tickle (elliptical).

Although John Bunyan frowned upon kisses, English Puritan contemporaries had accepted the kissing custom, and gave it a profuse liberty. Erasmus was not the only foreigner visiting that country who was astonished by it, though he was perhaps, the oftenest quoted. In one of his epistles, he says:

"There is, besides, a practice never to be sufficiently commended, that if any man place you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on your journey you are dismissed with a kiss; if you return, the kisses are exchanged. Do they come to visit you, a kiss is the first thing; do they leave you, you kiss them all around. Do they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance. In short, wherever you turn there is nothing but kisses."

It is said that this excess of the business was brought to an end in the reign of Charles II., by the adoption of French manners. A writer in the *Spectator* complains that it was made unfashionable, very much to his sorrow, by the arrival of a French gallant in his neighborhood, who, instead of kissing the ladies, when introduced to them, in the English way, merely took off and made so low and graceful a bow that that fashion afterwards prevailed.

In Iceland, if a young lady shows you the way, she expects a kiss in return. In Russia and in Paraguay kisses are a familiar salutation. It is in poetry, however, that the kiss receives the most elaborate consideration, though what could the novelists or humorists do without it? A very neat sample of the poet's embalmment is seen in the following lines, sent with a white rose by a Yorkist lover to his Lancastrian sweetheart:

"If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

"But if thy ruby lips it spy,
And kiss it then with zeal,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.

In Tennyson's poem, Lilla, there is a record made of a truly oriental kiss:

"Last night, when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came,
A thousand little pulses of flame
Were shivered in my narrow frame.
Oh, love, love, fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My life—as sunlight drinketh dew."

With equal exuberance, Alexander Smith describes a kiss he once received in the glowing stanza copied below:

"My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss,
What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss,
I seemed to walk on thrones."

Leigh Hunt's similar experience is thus playfully told:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in
Time, you thief! who loves to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!"

Ben Jonson says of a kiss:

"O, that a lip of love can should waste!
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss
Might not for ever last!"

A Spanish poet, speaking of his inamorata, declares:

"I will pay her interest meet,
When her lips shall breathe on me,
And for every kiss so sweet
Give her many more than three."

Winthrop Macworth Praed puts the pretty tableau thus:

"With eyes all love, and lips apart,
And faltering steps, and trembling heart,
She came and joined her cheek to his
In one prolonged and rapturous kiss."

The kiss in verse is, in fact, so voluminous that one more sample must suffice—the two quatrains of Wolcot on "The Inventor of Kissing:"

"When we dwell on the lips of the girl we adore,
What pleasure in Nature is missing?
May his soul be in h-ven—he deserves it, I'm sure—
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

"Master Adam I verily think was the man,
Whose discovery can ne'er be surpass,
Then since the creation of mankind began,
To the end of the world may it last."

A kiss is said to be like a sermon, because it requires at least two heads and an application. Among the parts of speech it is defined as a "conjunction." "Stolen kisses," says the proverb, "are sweetest;" and some humorist confirms this by saying they are sweetest "when syrup-titious-ly obtained." Of course, "kissing goes by favor." Some one calls kisses "interrogation points in the literature of love." It is probably slanderous to say that women kiss each other for the following reason:

"I guess they are doing to each other as they would men should do unto them."

Sidney Smith speaks of a kiss that he received which he had remembered for twenty years, and should continue to remember while he lived. George D. Prentice said once, editorially:

"We feel in duty bound to say that kissing is a thing that, at every proper opportunity, we set our face against."

On another occasion he said:

"We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it directly from her own mouth."—*Joel Benton, in N. Y. Ledger.*

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Lady Bird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

During those three days, when Stanley lay pale and weak upon her bed, it had seemed to her that never again would she be able to force herself to enter the oak-panelled room where she and her love had parted in bitter tears and woe on that starlit October night; and even now, when she went to it to write the words which were to bring him back to her, she experienced a pang of bitter pain.

The room looked gray and cold and desolate, she thought, with a shiver, as she sat down at the old brass-bound bureau. The fire had been neglected and was burning but dimly, the light from it without was gray and cold, the rain was beating drearily against the window panes, the flower-bowls were empty. Stanley sank down upon a chair by the bureau and looked around her with wistful eyes. She recalled that interview which was so full of bitterest pain even now. It seemed to her as she sat there that she could feel Hugh's head upon her shoulder, the touch of his hand upon hers. She thought she heard again his pleading voice, so full of love and misery; and it seemed as if her heart was torn again as it had been torn then when she heard his broken words of passionate tenderness and farewell. She put her hand to her eyes to shut out the haunting vision, and, when she removed it, it was wet with tears.

"They are tears of joy," she said to herself, as she opened her writing-table and took out her paper and pens, then sat hesitating, her heart beating rapidly, the color coming and going in her face.

What could she say to him? How could she ask his pardon for the suffering they had caused him? In what words could she tell him of her father's change of mind, of his regret, of the welcome which awaited him? How could she express her unutterable joy, her earnest desire to atone for her cruelty to him? Would he forgive them? He was a proud man. Would he allow himself to be dismissed and recalled at will? What if he should refuse to come? Ah, but he would not—he would not! He loved her; and he knew that, notwithstanding all her cruelty, had loved she.

Sitting there, with a pen between her fingers, she became absorbed in blissful visions of their reunion. They would be so happy; she would try so hard to make up to him for the misery of those dreadful weeks of separation; she would be so good, so tender, so devoted; life would be so beautiful to them; and, as she thought Humphrey, who would be happy in their happiness.

She had not written a word when, an hour later, her father came quietly into the room, smiling to see the lovely, happy, startled face she turned towards him when he asked her if the letter was written, and then laughingly scolded her for having let the fire get so low.

"Barnes has just brought some tea into the library," he said; "and I was thinking that you would come and pour it out for me, Stanley."

"Yes, father, I am coming," she said confusedly—"in one minute."

She drew a sheet of paper towards her and bent over it. After all, she thought, it would not take long to write her letter.

Her father, standing by the hearth, watched her as she wrote rapidly a few brief lines. Then, blushing, she brought the letter to him.

He made no movement to take it, but looked at her questioningly.

"You wish me to read it, my dear?" he asked gently.

"If you do not mind, father," she answered; and he took the letter from her and read it.

"Will you come back to us, Hugh?" she had written. "Father and I both want you to forgive us and to let things be as they were. We were wrong, dear, and we are sorry. Be generous and forgive us, and come to us. We are waiting to welcome you in such a way as will make you forget the past unhappy days. You will not refuse, Hugh, will you? STANLEY."

Mr Humphrey read the note in silence; then, crossing over to the table, he took up a pen and added his name beneath hers. The girl's eyes watched with pleasure at the action.

"Thank you, dear father!" she said, as she placed the missive in its envelope and addressed it.

"Hugh is not at Brancepeth," said Sir Humphrey. "I was there this morning, Stanley. He is gone to London, they said."

"To London!" Stanley's bright face clouded, then cleared again. "I thought he would not stay at Brancepeth," she said. "We will send it to his club, father."

"You had better say 'To be forwarded,' dear, Sir Humphrey answered. "It is not impossible that he has gone to join his father and Lady Sara, who are at Algiers; in which case," he added, "we must be patient if we are kept waiting for a reply for some little time."

Stanley thought it would not be very difficult to be patient with bright hope to gladden her days; and Sir Humphrey was rewarded for the sacrifice he had made by the look on his daughter's face as they went back to the library.

Almost immediately Stanley seemed to regain all her old vigor and activity; but her father saw a change in her from the proud stately young beauty of the past. There was a charming gentleness in her manner now, a softened music in her voice, a tenderness in her smile, and in her eyes there was the expression of a perfect joy and a perfect faith. She was a girl again now, bright and tender as a girl should be; and, by the third day after the despatch of the letter, she seemed to have regained her former health; for the pretty invalid-gown was put away, and Stanley rode and drove with her father as in the old days.

But, as the days slipped by and a week passed, then a fortnight, and no answer came to Stanley's pathetic note, the wild-rose bloom on her cheeks faded into pallor again, and the joy and faith died out of the sweet brown eyes, leaving a wistful sadness in their place. But she girl forced herself to appear bright and cheerful; and there were times when she felt so without effort, so great and strong was her faith in Hugh's love. It was very strange he did not write, she thought sometimes, when her heart fainted with the sickness of hope deferred; but the letter or telegram would surely come soon.

The leaves fell more and more rapidly from the trees; November, with its dark gloomy days, reigned over the land; but no tidings had come from Hugh Cameron; and at last the look of eager expectation, dying away by degrees, which came upon Stanley's face when the letter bag was opened, grew more than Sir Humphrey could bear. He wrote himself to Hugh, addressing a few lines to his club; and, when days went by without bringing any reply, he wrote, still unknown to his daughter, to inquire if Mr. Cameron's letters addressed to the club were forwarded. This missive received a prompt reply from the secretary. Mr. Cameron's letters had all been forwarded immediately to the address sent by that gentleman. This was conclusive. Hugh must have received the letters; and he did not answer them because he did not choose to do so.

Sir Humphrey Gerant flushed angrily at the thought. His pride revolted strongly against such an insult. He had stooped and had humiliated himself for nothing but this; and he had allowed Stanley to offer herself to a man who treated the offer with disdain. His eyes gleamed with wrath; the outrage seemed intolerable; he felt as if this disgrace could never be washed out—as though he had been smitten on the cheek—and yet can powerless to avenge the blow. He, who had suffered and made his darling suffer to save his name from shame, had brought upon it such contumely as this! He felt that he could have killed Hugh Cameron without remorse, and that it would have been only a righteous retribution.

He knew by the look on his daughter's face that she too felt the humiliation; but she said nothing. Day by day went by. December came with clearer skies and keener cold and frost; but there were no tidings of Hugh. Stanley had ceased to hope or to expect; she no longer trembled when the post-bag was opened or when a telegram was brought to her. Even when she was alone, no tears came to relieve her heart. There were no sad memoments when she thought of the love she had lost; she could think of nothing but her shame—that she had stooped to offer penitence and to entreat pardon, and that her penitence and love had been alike rejected. It seemed to her sometimes that it would be cruel to plunge a dagger into her heart than to see Hugh Cameron again.

But, if her father guessed her torture, he saw no outward signs of it save the strange cold look upon her face; she never spoke of Hugh to him. The horror of her shame and her humiliation was buried in her own breast.

Life seemed to go on as of old in the great silent stately old house. Father and daughter rode and drove together, and took the same interest as ever in the tenantry and their needs. The household saw no difference in their master and mistress.

Stanley had always been calm and stately and tranquil; she was so still. She had never had much color, and, since her pallor did not mean illness, it passed unnoticed, and, when she appeared at any of the great houses of the neighborhood or entertained at home, people saw no change in her save that she was colder and graver than before. To her father she was always gentle and tender; not even to him did she whisper of the strange feeling she always had now, as if she were an inanimate thing going mechanically about its duties and feeling nothing, neither joy, nor sorrow, nor interest in anything.

But, although she was very pale and thin, her health did not fail her. She seemed well and strong; but it seemed as if the youthfulness had died out of her. When she was not yet twenty-one years old, her expression had the gravity and her manner the coldness and reticence of a woman of forty.

All this time Brancepeth was shut up and left entirely to the care of some of the servants.

It had always been customary for Sir Humphrey Gerant to spend Christmastide at Eyrcourt; and this year was no exception to the rule. Stanley made no difference in the Yuletide festivities because her heart and hopes was no joy, but only pain. There were the usual lavish gifts to the cottagers, the treats to the schoolchildren; and Miss Gerant took her usual share in the church decorations. But her fellow-workers missed something in her which they could not define; for she was her usual graceful courteous self, and showed as much apparent interest as of old in designs for crosses and banners and her usual perfect taste in her own work.

"She makes me feel cold!" said one of the pretty girls who were gathered in the building to the spruce young curate who was in attendance on her and decorated the font.

Perhaps it was because she had no black-coated sleek young clergyman in attendance upon her, and because she preferred to work alone, that Stanley finished the portion assigned to her before any of her fellow-workers.

It was so early on the afternoon of Christmas Eve; but the winter day was drawing, although kept at bay by the snow which lay over the surrounding country. In the church the lights were burning and the decorators were working busily.

Stanley stood for a few minutes in the chancel watching them, and thinking how pretty the church looked with the ivy and holly and evergreens which adorned it so lavishly; then she turned and walked down one of the side aisles to the door.

She had ordered the brougham to come for her at four o'clock, as she wished to be at home for afternoon tea with her father.

In the pathway leading to the church the snow had been trodden by many feet; just beyond the gate the carriage stood, its lights flashing in the gray dusk. Stanley passed out into the church to say good-bye to the rector's wife; then she came out again alone, looking very stately in her costly dark furs.

As she passed out of the church, the light from one of the windows fell upon the dark figure of a man, who drew back hastily into the shadow as if he wished not to be observed. Quick as the movement was, the light having been upon his face for one brief moment, Stanley had recognized him. A half-smothered exclamation escaped her lips, and she paused, while he uncovered his head and bowed, but made no movement towards her. It was all over in a moment; he had not time to raise his head before she had passed on down the narrow pathway. The next minute the carriage was driving rapidly away over the snow-covered roads, and Stanley, leaning back in her seat, was pressing her hands to her throbbing heart.

She was not quite so inanimate as she had hoped and believed; for she had been deeply moved by the glimpse she had caught.

A confused sense of expectation remained with her through the sleepless night, and, when the Christmas Day dawned, it was with her still. But, although she felt as if she could not raise her eyes without meeting the holly-decked church, there was no tall figure there to disturb her peace. She had seen that he was engaged even in that brief glance—he looked older and thinner and ill. His face haunted her during the long quiet day while the snow fell unceasingly. Why had he come? she wondered. Why had he come?

For some days a feeling of restlessness was upon her. Her face looked less rigid, her eyes less cold, her voice was lower, and now and then just a little tremulous; but she said nothing to her father of that meeting. Strangely enough, that one glimpse of Hugh had relieved her bitter pain. His eyes, as they had met hers, bore no signs of the revengeful triumph which she had sometimes pictured there; they had been full of an infinite reproach and tenderness. For the first time she began to think that there had been some mistake—that he had not meant to deceive her, but had discovered that he too was suffering; and her father's keen eyes saw the change in her, slight as it was, and he wondered what could have brought about it.

The New Year came in with storms of wind and snow. It was only two days old when Sir Humphrey, coming into the library, found Stanley standing before the great hearth where a huge fire of logs blazed cheerily. The stately young beauty was leaning with her slender form, tered on the spotless drapery of the breakfast-table, the deep hues of the Crown Derby china gleamed in the firelight; the tea-urn and bowl of chrysanthemums in the centre of the table, and Stanley had two yellow blossoms fastened at the throat of her gray-velvet gown.

Her father saw nothing unusual in her face as she turned to greet him.

"I have been opening the letter-bag," she said, with a smile, as he took his coffee. "Lola writes in the wildest spirits. Auntie has consented to her engagement, father—thanks to your intervention, she says. Captain Greville is writing to you also."

Stanley did not talk much during the meal; but she was rather silent at all times. When breakfast was over, she rose and walked slowly to her father's side. The contents of the post-bag—a heterogeneous mass of papers and letters—lay upon the table. Her fingers were quite steady as she selected a newspaper which was already opened, and, after glancing over it for a moment, put it down before him, pointing to a paragraph in its columns.

"If you read this," she said, in her calm quiet tones, "you will see why a letter I sent some time ago received no answer."

Sir Humphrey looked at her with questioning eyes for a moment, then, bending over the paper, he read:

"At All Saints', Margaret street, by the Reverend George Landon, D.D., assisted by the Reverend Edward Cole, M. A., Hugh, only son of Philip Cameron, to Laura, daughter of the Reverend Alan Cairns and widow of Sir James Beacham."

(To be Continued.)

And She Did.

"If I get out of this, Bridget, but I'll make you jump!"

"Faith an' I know that same, so I'll just sit here till you change your mind, that's all."—*Life.*

The Daughter at Home.

I do not expect to receive the assent of all, or of even the majority, of my readers to the opinions which I express in the present series, and in this special paper; but I expect to receive convictions, and I shall have gained an important end if my thought awakens yours.

The fatal error of many a mother is in considering the little woman as exclusively her own property. "It's my child," we hear every day. "I shall do what I like with my own."

Did it never occur to you, dear mother, that the child is not yours in any such absolute sense as your words claim? How much heartache and pain and wretchedness we should save ourselves if we would only recognize in the beginning this everlasting truth—that the child is simply a spirit given into our care to train, so far as we can, into right way of thinking and of living, with a body to nurture to maturity; to become after that, in some cases, as independent of us as if it had been born a brother or sister instead of our own child!

We might learn a lesson here from what we call the lower orders of nature; for example, the birds. No mother is more tender and devoted than the bird mother. Does she not still her restless nature to sit patiently for days and weeks on her precious eggs? Does she not wear herself out in feeding and comforting her nestlings, protecting them by every device in her power, even with her life? Yet, as soon as those little ones are grown and trained to procure their own food, they become as brothers of one family, perfectly friendly, but entirely independent of each other. With our more complex nature we cannot, nor would we desire, of course, to imitate the bird; but the power we approach its wonderful perfection will it be for us, and the better for all. Nor is this cold-heartedness or indifference; it is simply common sense.

When those immortal spirits who have been under your care in childhood's preparatory school are adult, they owe you, as a matter of fact, absolutely nothing. What you have done for them was in payment of the debt you owe for your own bringing up; moreover, you have been more than paid in the happiness they have given you. If you have taken advantage of their helpless dependence on you to win their respect and love, they will be dear friends all their lives—the best and dearest and closest you can possibly have. If you have not, they will possibly go their ways and forget you. In either case they have their own lives to live; they cannot live yours. They are and must be free, and you have no right to dictate. Their life is not yours to dispose of. They belong to themselves and to God. Happy is the mother who can realize this truth, and govern herself by it.

Whatever may have been the case a hundred years ago, parental authority to-day cannot be successfully maintained on the lines of an absolute despotism, in which the stronger terrorizes the weaker. The mother should not deliver arbitrary commands, saying to even her youngest child, "Do this or that because I say so." Instead it should be, "Do this, because I am older and wiser than you, and I know that such and such things will result if you disobey." Obedience should be secured by gentleness, reasonableness; by influence rather than by arbitrary force. With our weak judgment, our infirm wills, our hasty temper, we should not assume the part of military dictator even to our babies in the nursery. The mother should be quiet, loving, and firm, above all, self-controlled. Our little ones demand from us justice, and justice is the one foundation on which a happy home can be built. To tell the truth invariably, to keep every promise sacredly, to abstain if possible from threats, but if we threaten, to carry out the threat, are needful if we would receive and keep our children's respect. If we prove worthy of this, the children will not withhold it. At a very early age their little hearts comprehend and respond to justice.

Punishment as administered by many parents is an outrage upon the human spirit. Punishment should be the natural consequence of wrong-doing, and the smallest child is quite able to see the justice of this. There is no difficulty in governing children without descending to gross brutality, and also without allowing them to rule us, if we can only behave with common-sense, candor and love.

In case of a fault, the parent should present the thing to the child's reason (and reason is developed in the very young), and faithfully and without temper point out the result; more important still, we should let the disobedience have its natural penalty. Do not tell a boy not to play in the mud because he will make him self unfit to be seen, and then when he does it, first scold or beat him, and then proceed to falsely pretend to worry by dressing him up clean again. Be consistent. Let him find that he is unfit to be seen, let him go as he has made himself, till he feels the disgrace of it; that he is debarred from society, that he cannot be received by clean people; and let him remain so as long as the clothes should have been worn. That lesson will be learned, and next time he will believe you.

In regard to the little daughter, I warn you, mothers, arbitrary punishments—such as a slap, for example—may give the death-blow to your hopes of future happiness with her. I have known more than once a fellow to leave its impress for life, in proud resent, the absolute cold from the person who had thus outraged her. Boys may not feel the insult so keenly, but it is a way of governing fit only for a savage.

After the age of five or six, a mother, or father either, should rarely do more than advise, point out the result, and let the child suffer for disobedience. Even if one is unusually nervous, and about to do something seriously out of the way, would it not be wiser to treat him as the world will certainly treat him a few years later—let him do it, and not screen him from the consequences?

With the daughter, who seldom inclines to anything very bad, I am sure this is the better way. Let her learn by her own experience—she will not learn in any other way—that you are wiser than she, and that you have her happiness and her well-being at heart. I can assure you, you will have your reward.

In seeking the independent life that all human beings demand and are entitled to, our sons have heretofore enjoyed much greater facilities than our daughters. They were expected to leave the family roof and make their own way, while exactly the contrary was expected of their sisters. But times and modes of thought are changing. More and more it is becoming customary for young women to go out and live their own lives, or in them some thing reprehensible in their desire. One of the most terrible bondages that young women have endured has been the slavery to the home, to selfish or thoughtless parents, who have hampered the daughter's life in every way, and dwarfed her mentally and spiritually. It is right, I say, that she should lay down the burdens selfishly imposed upon her young life; and though she will have hard work and many struggles, the peace of spirit, the independence—her rightful heritage—will be ample recompense. But it is always a pity, for there is a better and a far happier way.

If a mother can so train her daughter that home is to her not a prison-house, but the dearest place on earth, that under its friendly roof she can live her own life, and feel that she confers by her presence as much joy as she receives, until marriage—if it comes—opens her own home to her, or, if it does not, so long as she lives; that is best; that is ideal.

A daughter should be made so independent in her mother's house that she will find her greatest happiness in being there. It is to accomplish this end that I write these papers—to help young mothers to lay up for themselves a happiness so exquisite as the possession by-and-by of a grown daughter who shall be at the same time a personal friend.

That restlessness in our little women to-day so often frowned upon by parents is natural and healthy. Emboldened by the growing conviction that women too are beings with the rights of individuals, they have begun to express it. The young women of forty years ago felt it just as deeply, but were under so tremendous a pressure of public opinion that only now and then one had the courage to assert her God-given right to her own life. Now, happily for our girls, this is generally recognized. Natural, healthy, and natural womanhood will follow, and in consequence the whole world will be blessed.

Do not try to repress the restlessness, wise mother, but guide it, while you make the home bonds so light that they are never felt to be chains. Some hints to this end will come later, as the little woman grows, but the one thing to be learned now is that your daughter is not merely your property. She is an individual spirit; she has her own life to live. Over that life and her use of it she must answer to God.—*Olive Thorne Miller in Harper's Bazar.*

Anxious to Go.

Little Dot—Ma, may I go skating?

Ma—The ice isn't thick enough. It's a mere scum on the surface.

Little Dick—Ma, may I go swimming?—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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Probably.

Mrs. Jawk—Why do the newspapers call it The Wooly West, John?

Mr. Jawk—Probably because so many people get fleeced out there.—*Time.*

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I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in cases of severe Colds and Throat affections, and have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments.—Samuel Bennett, Principal Bartlett School, Lowell, Mass.

I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have used it in my family many years, and always with perfect satisfaction. It never fails.—Mrs. R. F. McKeen, New Gretna, N. J.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice since 1850, and have always found it reliable for the cure of Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases. —S. Haynes, M. D., Sarnia, N. Y.

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

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The Buglers of the Queen's Own Rifles held their second annual At Home on Wednesday evening, February 29, at their mess rooms, 69 Adelaide street east. About eighty people were present and spent a most enjoyable evening. The thanks of the guests are due to the following committee: Bugle Major Smith, Corpl Ross, Buglers Cotterill and Montgomery.

Mrs. Newman of Wilcox street, who was married a fortnight or so ago, received the congratulatory visits of her friends on the third, fourth and fifth of February, in her new home, Wilcox street. Her gown was a becoming one of dove gray royale silk with a touch of salmon. Mrs. Hirschfelder and Miss Shibley assisted Mrs. Newman in her duties as hostess.

On Wednesday, February 5, the members of Maitland Lacrosse Club gave their annual dinner in Yorkville. The evening was pleasantly spent, and the careful appointments reflected credit on the committee, composed of Messrs. Doane, Fletcher, Cashman, Blight Douglas and Ritchie.

A most delightful party was that given by Miss Maud Campbell of Hazelton avenue, on Wednesday evening, February 5, and an event of such a pleasing nature as will not soon be forgotten by the many of Miss Campbell's friends who enjoyed her hospitality on this occasion. Amongst those present were: Miss Peuchen, Miss Whittaker of Grimsby, Miss Hollenbecker, Miss McCullough, Miss Cheyne, Miss Broderick of St. Thomas, Miss Riddell, Mrs. Barnes of Cleveland, O, the Misses Hunter, the Misses Mills, the Misses Courtenay, Miss Carruthers, Miss N. Hunter, Miss Robertson, Miss Dollie Burns, the Misses Logan, Miss Tinning, Miss Piatt, Miss McDonald, Miss Vale, Miss Toye, Mrs. Bert Brown, Messrs. A. Peuchen, Clark, W. Home, H. Tinning, C. Campbell, H. Taylor, S. Burns, F. Rose, J. Laidlaw, F. Wells, Ed. McCormack, J. Gardner, S. Barns, W. Lawson, A. Park, W. Hunter, R. Morrison, Geo. Rose, W. Rose, T. Greene, C. Brown, D. Merrick, Mr. Stitt and many others.

'Varsity Chat.

Mr. and Mrs. Keys' solicitous efforts to entertain their guests last Saturday evening were entirely successful. The fragrant burden of hostess-ship was borne in part by Miss Keys and Miss F. V. Keys, '91. Among the favored were Miss Madge R. Robertson, B.A., Miss Lawler, Miss Willson, Miss Ryckman, Miss Mott, Miss Scott, Miss Idington, the Misses Carruthers, Miss Reesor, Fellows Chamberlain and Fraser, Mr. Brebner and a number of other gentlemen of the year '90. Progressive topics, popular and profound, busied the guests during the time not filled with music of the violin by Miss F. V. Keys or of the piano by Miss Lawler, the sweet voices of gleemen or that strange-to-say considerable period through which refreshments occupied the attention of the intellectual company. Mr. Chamberlain too, who was in excellent voice, gave an affecting rendition of an original reminiscent ballad commencing:

Of old when Æsthines and I were little boys at school,
It kept our wicked wits alive to never keep a rule.

On Tuesday afternoon, in room No. 8, the Mathematical and Physical Society held the regular weekly meeting. Mr. J. A. Duff, B.A., contributed a paper entitled Notes on Energy. A number of problems were also solved.

Mr. Jas. Scott was leader at Y. M. C. A. on Thursday afternoon. His discourse, which was founded on Romans xii., 1, was entitled Our Reasonable Service.

A determined effort is just now being made to increase the usefulness of the Literary Society. Mr. C. A. Stuart, '91, set the ball rolling some time ago and his initiative is being actively supplemented. Mr. G. H. Ferguson, 91, proposes to strike out the words in the constitution which prevent the discussion of Canadian party politics. The idea has been dear to the heart of the average member for many a long day, but somehow or other the fanciful fears of authority have stood in the way of its realization. What the outcome may be in the present instance is hard to say. We live in hope. Mr. McNichol's scheme is to increase the society's various business enterprises of student interfunctions so as to permit it to undertake est. This proposal raises the question, not easily settled, of the society's capacity for administration and opens up the possibility of a real parliament. Mr. "Doc" McLay is to the front with a long motion dealing with the matter of a college paper. Apparently Mr. McNichol's motion must pass before Mr. McLay's is admissable.

Mr. W. D. Keswill, '90, read before the Oriental Club in Knox on Tuesday evening a paper on the Hittites. Dr. McCurdy delivered an address on the same subject.

Mr. P. McArthur, '91, who is at present giving rein to his well-known literary proclivities in connection with the *Mail*, paid the reading room a visit the other day.

The Modern Language Club devoted itself last Monday afternoon to the consideration of Goethe. Mr. W. H. Graham, '90, occupied the chair. The programme consisted as usual of readings and essays.

Miss Green, '92, contributed a paper to the programme of the Political Science Association on Wednesday. Her subject was Norman and Angevin Administrations. Mr. J. B. Peat also contributed a paper on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Undergraduates noted with pleasure a few days ago the distinguished courtesy with which the librarian conducted Mr. McGinty about the reading-room. That literary curiosity labelled Catalogue received a due measure of attention. The visitor declared there was nothing like it'fat the bottom of the sea. He had, however, seen a nice little hole under a great big rock in which he thought it would look very pretty.

Mr. A. Mowat read an essay on Free Will before the Philosophical Society of '91, at the regular meeting on Wednesday morning. Mr. W. Cooper opened discussion.

By the death of Senator Macdonald the cause of higher education and of truth against error everywhere has lost a valiant champion. Rich, generous, of wide sympathies, and above all a Christian gentleman, the late senator belonged to a class whose numbers are all too few. To hisson, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, '90, whose brilliant course just drawing to a close is marred by the sad circumstance, the deep sympathies of his fellow students are silently extended. NEMO.

A Chat with Minnie Maddern.

Miss Maddern is a charming woman to talk to. A combination of pretty little ways, delightful seriousness and a womanly manner of looking at things makes one ready to call her with all earnestness—"sweet."

I found her dainty-gowned in a dull blue negligee, which shot additional gleams into her pretty bright hair. She apologised for not being dressed in dignified style and said that usually she did not feel tired.

"We have only a couple of hours' work in the day, while many are busy from eight to six; so I fail to see the laborious life which we are supposed to drag out," she said merrily.

That was pleasing. It is so refreshing to hear some one speak of her own life as fairly endurable, that I imagined Miss Maddern was an uncommon person, and straightway proceeded to lose myself in a tangle of delightful talk.

"What is your advice to stage-struck girls?" I asked.

"It is very old and very terse, just 'don't,'" was the reply.

"Our life unfits us for what is the truest joy of every right-minded woman—the home life. You see, we have no home, and, judging from incidents which occasionally come to our notice, actresses do not live happy married lives, off the stage. Then, too, if a man has a wife, he does not care for her photographs to adorn the mantel-shelves of the dudes, so there it is."

Miss Maddern was on the stage since a tiny tot of four years, and she loves the work even now, when, not old but certainly past the giddy teens, she looks on life as rather a serious business.

"We learn to fit ourselves into our surroundings and never worry over anything. Nothing"—with a careless little wave of pretty hand—"matters if one is only used to being, in English idiom, 'beastly philosophical.'"

The stage, Miss Maddern thinks, could be made a good teacher, but if press and people run wild over so-called society women who do not know how to behave themselves, it is far from exerting a good influence.

"I am charmed with your city," she said with earnestness. "It strikes me as having so so many homes which are individualized. In New York people live in rows and rows of brown houses, all alike, all ugly and dreadfully common. Here the houses exhibit the taste and inclination of the people, and I think Toronto should justly be proud of her handsome homes."

About dresses Miss Maddern gave an emphatic opinion.

"We must dress well," she said, "but talent should combine with the dressmaker to turn out a creditable actress. Dress in itself and by itself is abominable."

"What do you think of the actresses who depend almost entirely on the man-milliner for their success?"

"I never think of them at all," said Miss Maddern, laughingly. Presently she said quite seriously: "Papers publish such details as the style of an actress' underwear or the quality of her hose, and that is not pleasant or politic."

Miss Maddern holds a high opinion of true art and sensibly dislikes to see fassion snap her fingers for artistic merit to follow.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Out of Town.

KINCARDINE.

Many of our people in this neighborhood will be more than shocked to hear of the very sudden death of Mr. John Thorrington who was so ardently known and respected here prior to his departure for Denver in Colorado. Mr. Thorrington was stepping from an up car just as a down came along and was thrown under the wheels of the latter. He was carried into the nearest drug store, where everything possible was done to alleviate his sufferings. He died the following morning, leaving his widow and a host of friends to mourn the untimely cutting off of one who was loved and respected wherever he was known. H. K. C.

BARRIE.

On Wednesday evening, January 29, a party of young people, chaperoned by Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. J. Sanford enjoyed a most delightful sleigh drive to Midhurst, then to The Boulders, Allandale, the residence of Mr. Schreiber. All were we'comed by Mrs. Schreiber to an impromptu dance which prolonged festivities until after one o'clock in the morning, when the return trip to Barrie was taken, all having enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Those present were Miss Tisdale of Simcoe, Messrs. Frank and Fred Wray of Hamilton, Mr. Geo. Esten, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. Sanford, the Misses Victoria and Birdie Mason, Mr. H. McVittie, the Misses Schreiber, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss M. Cotter, Mr. T. R. and Miss Katie Boys, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Miss Bertie Stewart, Mr. H. Kortright, Miss Maud Lally, Mr. C. H. Beard, Miss Teetle Mason, Miss Lulu Irwin of Kingston, Miss Bertha Holmes and Mr. A. Giles.

Harr Hall presented quite a gay appearance last Monday night, being the occasion of an impromptu dance and card party given by Mrs. Geo. J. Mason. This little event went off charmingly and the merriment was at its height until the hours of early morning. The large drawing-room was used for dancing, the floor was all that could be wished, and with good music the dance was enjoyed by those who were fond of this pleasure. Non dancers and those who cared to play whist or to have a *tete a tete* had no difficulty in finding quiet nooks. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Radenhurst, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. L. Beatty, Mrs. J. H. McKenzie, Mrs. A. Lloyd, Mr. Geo. Esten, Miss Patteson, Miss Symonds, Mr. Hugh Kortright, Miss Schreiber, Mr. Frank and Miss Hornsby, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. R. C. Gillett, Miss Bertie Stewart, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. E. Mitchell, Mr. W. D. B. Spry, Mr. H. Beard, Miss Millie Henderson, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. A. Giles and Mr. Fred Crease. Mrs. Mason was assisted by the Misses Mason in receiving and entertaining their guests during the evening.

Mrs. Walsh and child of Orangeville are visiting at Mrs. J. C. Morgan's.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Hastidge of Ogdensburg spent a few days recently in town at Mrs. Baker's of Sunnyside.

H. Howell, Q.C., of Winnipeg, was the guest of Mrs. Lally this week.

Mr. Duke of Toronto spent Sunday in town and was the guest of Mrs. D. Spry.

Mr. A. T. Barrand of Syracuse paid a short visit in Barrie recently. His friends here were glad to see him. OCULAIRE.

On Dancing.

"'The waltz is going,' is the cry we hear every two or three seasons," says a writer in *Modern Society*. "But somehow the waltz keeps its courage up, and seems none the worse for the attacks of its would-be successors, and the gavotte, the minuette, the pavane, and the cotillion retire for a time into the background to recoup their energies for a fresh onslaught in a year or two. Meanwhile, the waltz reigns supreme, not the merry, rollicking thing of twenty years ago, but an emasculated image of its former self, a mere procession *a deux* up the ball-room, in an which the young man, solemn of aspect and rigid in form, shoves his partner in front of him like a wheelbarrow. Concerning the new rival, which is said to be on the point of entering the field, Mr. Gurney and Herr Strauss have apparently hit upon the same idea, and the latter is about to introduce it on the boards of the Vienna Opera House, where, one may imagine, its beauties will be seen to perfection.

"The new dance appears to be a combination of waltz and minuet; and its Austrian inventor claims for it the problematical advantage of allowing more time for conversation between partners. The cry of 'wolf' has been raised so often that I am not inclined to attach much importance to this time. In the first place, I do not believe that the British youth will take the trouble to learn a dance in which posturing plays a prominent part. With all his virtues he is an awkward being, and what is more, has a sort of desnite pride in his awkwardness. It was different in the last century, when professors of deportment exhibited their signs in every street. The dancing public, confined to the *creme de la creme*, had then nothing whatever to do but to study the precepts of M. Feuillet, with his elaborate system of dance-notation, in which cabriole, cadence, and pirouette had its separate sign. Can you imagine Young England of today learning laboriously to shake the leg and point the toe in a dancing academy?

"The greater opportunities for conversation promised by the valse minuet do not appear to me an unmixed benefit. Ball room conversation has never been regarded as very sparkling or very profound. Young men, as the old book of etiquette says, usually confine their remarks to the state of the weather and the heat of the room. Indeed, one would require a sort of 'double-action' consciousness to make original and appropriate comments on men and things, while poised upon one toe, or waltzing serenely for the next pirouette or glissade.

"The German may be thankful for half a loaf; for he has absolutely no chance of talking to his partner save during the dance itself, or the dismal parade round the room in the interval. Here it is different. What, I may ask, is the end or good of going to a dance? Dancing, you say? Not at all. Ask any experienced hostess what she considers the chief requisite for the success of a dance, and she will answer, plenty of 'sitting-out' room. There is the secret of the English dance, which differentiates it from any other all the world over.

"I do not believe that one Englishman in a dozen cares in the least for dancing in itself. True, I have been present at college orgies where, 'when men had well drunk,' they let off their superfluous spirits by a wild waltz, in which the 'ladies' were distinguished by being in their shirt sleeves. But I never heard of anyone doing it after he had cut his wisdom teeth. I have watched my fellowmen at dances time after time, and I affirm it as my solemn belief that the attraction lies simply and solely in sitting-out. They dance, yes, because they have been asked to do so, and it would be rude to refrain altogether; but note the wild rush for the door when the last notes of the waltz are heard, how man and maid make for sheltered nook and half lighted alcove, and sit down to probe each other's souls.

"It is just this precious five minutes, the only five minutes in the whole of our social life when youth and maiden can sit close together in the dark, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and talk all the stuff they know;' it is just this brief five minutes that gives flavor to dancing as I understand it.

"The Germans, to whom the 'little time we snatch from time' is a forbidden thing, are welcome to their 'opportunities for conversation.' They are few enough in the Fatherland. Let us vote solid for the old *regime*, and refuse in the words—or nearly so—of Juvenal, 'propter saltum saltendi perdere causam'—which, for the benefit of the ladies, I will render—'for the sake of dancing to destroy the motive for dancing.'"

Not in a Confessional.

Dignified Mamma—When that young man left you last night, I heard something which sounded like a kiss.

Dignified Daughter—Did you? How does a kiss sound, mamma.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The popular Balmoral Choir will be heard again at the Pavilion on February 15 and 17.

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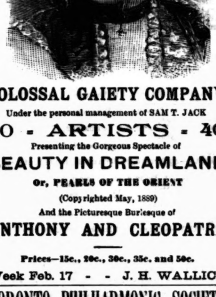

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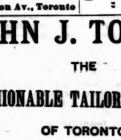

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Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald gave a large dinner party at their residence, Earnscliffe, on Saturday evening last.

The dance at Mrs. Bansett's of Theodore street, on Saturday evening, was a very enjoyable event. Dancing was indulged in until midnight, when an early Sunday breakfast was taken.

There were more people at Government House last Saturday than there have been for some time. The tobogganing was particularly good, and the ice was in splendid condition. The dancing, as usual, ended with the Kitchen Lancers—as rowdy a dance as has ever been witnessed in the capital, but which His Excellency evidently enjoys watching as much as anybody.

Mrs. Fortescue of Chapel street gave a small tea on Monday afternoon.

The same evening there was a large dance at Mrs. Allan Bates' of Wilbrod street, which proved a strong counter-attraction to the skating party at the Rideau Rink.

Several ministerial dinners were given during the week, besides those given at Government House.

Mrs Joseph Gormully of Daly street entertained several of her friends at a large supper party on Monday evening.

Mrs. W. G. Perley, wife of our English M.P., will be At Home every Monday afternoon during the session.

The At Home at Mrs. Trudeau's on Tuesday afternoon was a most successful musicale.

The second smoking concert given at the Ottawa city came off Tuesday evening. Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, ex-M.P., in the chair. Among others present were Messrs. Daly, Ross and Jones, M.P's., and Mr. Dickson Patterson of Toronto. Mr. Patterson's recitations "brought down the house."

An innovation in the way of an Angling Party took place very appropriately at the residence of the Deputy Minister of Marine Tuesday evening. Never before had so many people laughed so loud and so long.

Mrs. George Perley gave a large tea the other day.

Mrs. Fred Carling was the hostess at the Racquet Court on Wednesday last, on the occasion of an "afternoon dance" from 4 to 7. This is another innovation, and one that, it is hoped, will be looked on as a substantial precedent.

Mrs. A. Hurdman gave a large dance on Friday evening of last week at her residence, Riverview, on the Rideau River.

Invitations will soon be issued for two small dances at Government House, the first for Tuesday evening, February 11, and the second for Monday evening, February 17.

Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley have returned from England.

The driving party to Aylmer on Thursday afternoon, by Mrs. Berkely Powell of Metcalfe street, was very largely attended. The drive was a pleasant one, and was well calculated to give one an appetite for both the dinner and the dancing that followed.

The Minister of Finance and Mrs. Foster gave a large Parliamentary dinner the other evening.

Yesterday evening there was a dance at Mrs. George Perley's of Metcalfe street.

Mrs Mackenzie, the wife of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and Madame Laurier, the wife of the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, are At Home every Saturday evening at the Grand Union Hotel. These assemblies have always been very popular.

Lady Macdonald is again giving her very popular breakfasts, at 11 30 o'clock.

Mrs. W. G. Perley will shortly give a large dance at her residence, Wellington street.

Invitations are out for a dance to be given by Miss Alice Caron, the daughter of Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, at the Old Racquet Court, on the evening of Wednesday, January 12, at 9 o'clock.

Last Thursday a hockey team under the cognomen of The Vice-Regal Parliamentary Team left here for Toronto, Barrie and other places, where they are to meet formidable rivals. The team is captained by Capt. A. H. MacMahon, A.D.C., and is composed of the following gentlemen: Hon. Edward Stanley, Mr. Hawkes, Mr. Wingfield, Hon. Arthur Stanley, all of Government House; Messrs. Barron, M. P., Ward, M. P., E. C. Grant and Hon. Senator Power.

Miss Majorie Campbell of Government House, Toronto, is the guest of Speaker Allan of the Senate.

Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works, gave a Parliamentary dinner on Wednesday evening.

The evening tobogganing party with bonfires and illuminations that was to have been given at Government House on Wednesday evening, has been postponed indefinitely; as also have been the two concerts that were to have been given next week at Government House, at the request of Her Excellency Lady Stanley, by the Canadian College of Music.

OSHAWA.

The Oshawa Dramatic Club who have been rehearsing Everybody's Friend for several weeks past produced that comedy in the Music Hall last Thursday before a select audience and more than sustained the reputation enjoyed by the members as amateur artists, a reputation earned by painstaking efforts in representing the several parts in the cast of characters in a faultless manner. Mr. Alex. Henderson, jr., as Mr. Featherley, Everybody's Friend, took his part well, and was on account of an easy off hand manner the right man in the right place. Miss Emily Warren, as Mrs. Featherley, a neglected wife who recounted her domestic difficulties brought about chiefly by Featherley's untiring devotion to the cause of his many friends, faithfully portrayed that somewhat difficult role and showed evidence of more than ordinary ability. Another character which required careful study was that of Major Wellington de Boots taken by Mr. Babbitt. The major, in appearance a brave man but confessedly at heart a coward and a hen-pecked husband, the evidence of which was discernible, was a prominent figure in each act and in conjunction with his consort, Miss Mason, a debutante of promise was repeatedly applauded. Miss Pedlar, in the role of Mrs. Sawdown, sustained that part admirably and showed that she possessed gifts somewhat above the average amateur and only requires practice to take rank among artists. Mr. S. F. Jones as Mr. Icebrook, Miss Kate Hawthorn, maid, and Master Charley Mundy as page complete the list of the participants in this laughable play. In the respective parts taken by the latter mentioned they acquitted themselves creditably and received their share of the applause. The play altogether was a surprise to many and evoked the warmest praise on all sides. It certainly is creditable to the town to have in its community those able to carry such a thing through so well without outside assistance. The several acts were interspersed by a duet by Messrs. Adams and Verrall, a cornet solo by Mr. Ansell and music by the band. Mr. Ansell more than pleased the audience with two selections which were convincing proof of his ability to lead our band to perfection if that trust is reposed in him.

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Births.

LONGMAN—At Niagara Falls South, on January 11, Mrs. E. Longman—twin sons

COOK—At Ottawa, on January 31, Mrs. Fred Cook—a daughter.

BRITTON—At East Toronto, on January 31, Mrs. C. H. Britton—a son.

DOWARD—At Toronto, on February 1, Mrs. E. Redgrave Doward—a daughter.

DENOVAN—At West Toronto Junction, on January 31, Mrs. Alex. A C. Denovan—a son.

MICHIE—At Toronto, on February 1, Mrs. John Michie —a son.

GREGG—At Toronto, on January 25, Mrs. Maxwell Gregg —a son.

IVORY—At Philadelphia, Pa., on January 19, Mrs. J. W. Ivory—a daughter.

CASSELS—At Toronto, on February 4, Mrs. Hamilton Cassels—a son.

BICKNELL—At Hamilton, on January 31, Mrs. James Bicknell—a daughter.

DUNSTAN—At Toronto, on January 29, Mrs. George Dunstan—a daughter.

MOYNETH—At Roseau, Muskoka, on January 24, Mrs. John Monteith—a daughter.

TENCH—At Chippawa, Ont., on January 25, Mrs. W. J. Tench—a daughter.

PYRKE—At Mildenhall, Suffolk, Eng., Mrs. V. E. Pyrke —a son.

NETTLETON—At Penetanguishene, on February 1, Mrs. Charles A. Nettleton—a daughter.

TAYLOR—At Toronto, on February 4, Mrs. W. J. M. Taylor—a son.

TAYLOR—At Toronto, on February 4, Mrs. W. J. L. Taylor—a son.

Marriages.

HARKINS—MURPHY—At Hamilton, on February 5, by Rev. Father Craven, John A. Harkins of Toronto, to Lizzie second daughter of M. Murphy, of Hamilton.

LE JEUNE—McLEAN—At Walkerton, on January 30, Henry Le Jeune to Harriet Isabella McLean.

GREEN—JONES—At Toronto, on January 29, Wm. John Green to Clara Jones.

MCGUAY—COLLINS—At Whitby, on January 29, Theo. McGuay to Mary Collins.

LEBAR—DALY—On December 24, Benjamin Lebar to Jennie Daly.

MARTIN—BOVINGDON—At Rochester, N. Y., on January 15, Harry T. Foster Martin to Annie E. Bovingdon.

ULBRICH—FLEMING—At Toronto, on January 29, Chas F Ulbrich to Frankie Wahestah Fleming.

NAPOLITANO—DONOFRIO—At Toronto, on February 5, Ferdinando L. Napolitano to Maria Giroloma Donofrio.

Deaths.

BEATTY—At Toronto, on February 2, William Beatty, aged 7[illegible] years.

COOK—At Toronto, on February 3, Mrs. J. B. Cook, aged 32 years.

HOWARD—At Toronto, on February 3, John George Howard, aged 87 years.

CUMMING—At Toronto, on February 2, Angus Cameron Cumming, aged 20 years.

BENSON—At Toronto, on February 2, Charles Griffin Benson, aged 9 years.

BEWARD—At Toronto, on February 4, John O. Heward, aged 70 years.

MURRAY—At Toronto, on January 31, David S. Murray, aged 29 years.

HELLER—At Toronto, on February 5, George Lewis Wheeler, aged 3 years.

GEKIE—At Toronto, on January 30, Mrs. Walter B. Gekie, aged 58 years.

WING—At Toronto, on February 3, James Asa Wing, aged 64 years.

MCCARTHY—At Toronto, Timothy McCarthy, aged 74 years.

MATTHEWS—At Wychwood Park, on January 31, Arthur Matthews, aged 9 years.

GLAZEBROOK—At Kensington, London W., England, on January 14, Mrs. Micnael George Glazebrook.

BALFOUR—At Titusville, Fla., on January 27, Jessie Balfour.

HOOKER—At Port Hope, on January 31, Geo. Hooker, aged 60 years.

NELSON—At Highland Creek, on January 30, John Nelson, sr., aged 71 years.

SUMMERS—At Toronto, on January 30, Alexander Summers, aged 29 years.

SHEFFIELD—At Peterborough, on January 30, Charles Hyde Sheffield, aged 45 years.

WALLACE—At Willowdale, Arthur Lang Wallace, aged 24 years.

PHILP—At Toronto, Jenny Wilson Philp, aged 15 years.

LILLIE—At Toronto, on February 2, Mrs. James Lillie, aged 31 years.

YOUNG—At Glencoe, on January 26, Mrs. Robert Young, aged 70 years.

GILL—At Toronto, on February 4, Wm. Sanderson Gill, aged 36 years.

FERGUSON—At Scarboro', on February 4, Wm. Ferguson, aged 77 years.

KING—At Cookville, on February 3, Thomas D. King, aged 68 years.

LONGMAN—At Niagara Falls South, on January 31, Mrs E Longman, aged 36 years.

PILSWORTH—At Toronto, on February 1 Ernest E. L. Pilsworth, aged 27 years.

THOMAS—At Etobicoke, on February 2, Richard Thomas, aged 79 years.

TROTTER—At Woodstock, on January 31, Abner V. Trotter, aged 27 years.

MCINTYRE—At Toronto, Margaret McIntyre.

MACDONALD—At Toronto, on February 4, John Macdonald, aged 66 years.

GRAY—At Toronto, on February 4, John Gray, aged 47 years.

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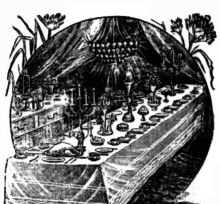

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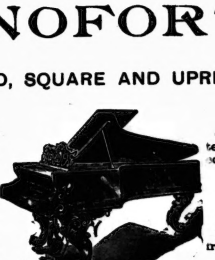

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